STATE TEACHERS

The New REPUBLIC

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Ten Years of Labor Banking

by LEO WOLMAN

Who Owns Middletown?

by C. E. AYRES

Middletown's Devil

EDITORIAL

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The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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The Week

THE Russo-Chinese situation looks more ominous as the days go by. Conferences for the setlement of the dispute have twice been begun, and have twice broken down, and with each failure, warlike preparations on both sides of the Manchurian-Siberian border are said to have been increased—though it should be added that news reports from the disputed area have been even more unreliable than is usually the case. The attempted intervention of the Powers, which Moscow reported as a plot of the United States to seize the Chinese Eastern Railway, has apparently come to nothing. The Russians still stand by the demand made in their ultimatum, that the railroad must be returned to them before a settlement can be negotiated; and the Chinese are reluctant, for several reasons, to permit this. While it is probably true that both sides are eager to find a peaceable way out without loss of prestige, wars have started in the past under precisely those circumstances. Whatever their public statements may say, it is plain that the responsible Chinese and Russian diplomats are paying absolutely no attention to their "obligations" under the Kellogg Pact. Intervention by the League would be a more serious matter, but only if such intervention had behind it the full force of the Great Powers including the United States. There could be no more tragic war in the world today than one between Young China and the Soviets; but that fact, unluckily, does not diminish the danger.

FOLLOWING the formation of gigantic supercoöperatives to head up the associations selling live stock and grain, comes the announcement of a $50,000,000 unit called the United Growers of America, to include the fruit and vegetable associations. Though this body is not sponsored by the Federal Farm Board, it is likely to get what it wants, since the chairman of its board is Julius H. Barnes, an intimate of Mr. Hoover who played a large part in the Food Administration during the War and is now President of the United States Chamber of Commerce, while another member is William M. Jardine, former Secretary of Agriculture. Meanwhile the Farm Board is moving to create a national association of wool growers, and associations to deal in rice, cotton and tobacco are in prospect. There is no doubt that a magnificent attempt to apply big business methods to agricultural marketing is at hand. There is also no doubt that these methods, if expertly applied, will do much to create more orderly practices, stabilize the supplies at the various markets, and cut out waste motion. It remains to be seen, however, whether the farmers back on the soil will thereby be enabled to learn the essential habits of coöperation and will refrain from overproduction, provided any increase in the prices paid them can be obtained.

THOSE who believe that all is well because, after a rise to 6 percent in the rediscount rate of the New York Federal Reserve Bank had caused losses of hundreds of millions in the stock market, a reaction within a few days brought the prices of the leading stocks higher than ever, have reckoned without their host. If what the bankers were trying to do was merely to carry out a dastardly conspiracy to lower stock prices, and if the recent incident were signifi-

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cant merely as a defeat of that design, we should not need to look deeper. But the central bankers had in mind the necessity of financing the large autumn movements of grain and the seasonal spurt in production and trade. They were conscious that the total of loans to brokers had kept on growing to unprecedented heights almost without interruption, and that high interest rates all down the line had resulted. Though their own reserves were adequate, that was largely due to the accident that gold has been flowing to us in large quantities in recent months. But much of the gold movement is due to temporary factors such as the use here of foreign short term funds, which may be withdrawn at any time. The end of the story is not yet. We may still see the pace of production and trade slackened on account of tight credit. If that happens, what will happen to the price of stocks, boosted far above any logical relation to their earnings even on the basis of present business activity? If the Federal Reserve authorities have no longer any power to moderate the overconfidence of the speculators, that may be after all the speculators' loss. We shall be lucky if many of the rest of us do not lose also.

VICTOR BERGER is dead and this country has lost an honest man and an acute critic of its institutions. Berger's history is an epitome of latter-day radicalism: a stalwart Socialist of the old-fashioned school, all his life he made proposals which were denounced by his opponents as fantastic and absurd, only to see these same ideas taken over little by little by the conservatives who nevertheless continued their denunciation of him and of his group. He fought, for instance, for the eight-hour day, laws against child labor, federal farm relief, old-age pensions. He wanted international disarmament, and was an unceasing advocate of freedom of speech and thought. In 1929, this seems a mild program, and it is hard to understand the hatred Berger created even as recently as a decade ago, when his attitude on the War—an attitude which is now widely held "in the best circles"—brought him a twenty-year prison sentence. Society does progress; but by an incorrigible twist of human nature, we insist on stoning the prophet who tells us, twenty years too soon, how we are going. For half a century Victor Berger withstood the temptation to sell out to the enemy, and to buy peace with silence. Few of his contemporaries deserve a better epitaph.

WHEN President Hoover came into office, things began to look up for the Indian. Dr. R. L. Wilbur, a former president of the American Medical Association and a noted humanitarian, was made Secretary of the Interior and he in turn selected as Indian Commissioner Mr. Charles J. Rhoads of Philadelphia, for many years active in the Indian Rights Association. Some progress has already been made, and more may be expected. At the same time, it would be unwise to assume that all is now well, and dismiss the matter from our minds. The Indian problem is not only desperately pressing in its immediate aspects, but one which cannot be solved at best in less than a generation, as was shown in an elaborate report of the Institute of Government, recently published, and reviewed at the time in The New Republic. Senator Burton K. Wheeler of Montana described some of the worst immediate aspects the other day, as a result of personal experience as a member of a Senate investigating committee. He found 25 percent of the Indians suffering from tuberculosis, and on one reservation 50 percent. He found trachoma and the social diseases also rampant, and little being done to check them. "Tales of brutality" told by the Indians "resembled the dark days of slavery." The white men appointed to deal with the nation's charges are often given their posts "for political reasons" and some of them are conspicuously incompetent. The Senator might have said much more, without going beyond the bounds of sober and careful fact. He offers a series of constructive suggestions as follows:

> The old and indigent Indians should be cared for by the government.
>
> Proper hospitals should be established to care for tuberculosis victims.
>
> The young should receive an education that would make useful citizens out of them, and, in my judgment, it should be handled by the state.
>
> A business-like accounting system should be established and the Indians rendered an itemized quarterly statement of their personal and tribal funds in the hands of the Indian office.
>
> The Indian should be given a voice in the leasing of his trust property, as well as his tribal property.
>
> It is the hope of those interested in the Indians that many of the incompetent superintendents will be relegated to the political scrap-heap and in their place we will have men who are anxious and willing to render a service to the Indians.

With most of this program Messrs. Hoover, Wilbur and Rhoads are known to be in agreement. Congress can do its part by making the emergency appropriation which is necessary to relieve conditions which on some reservations amount to starvation; and public opinion can also help, by watching closely the progress made from year to year in the process of giving back to the Indian the self-respecting, self-supporting status which was destroyed by the greed, callousness and stupidity of the whites.

FOUR MEMBERS of the faculty at the University of Oregon School of Law have sent a letter to Governor Young of California, which, we think, is worth reprinting. It reads:

> To His Excellency, Honorable C. C. Young,
> Governor of the State of California,
> Sacramento, California.
>
> Sir:
>
> We, the undersigned members of the faculty of the School of Law of the University of Oregon, after a

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careful consideration of the available evidence pertaining to the trial, conviction and subsequent history of the cases of Thomas J. Mooney and Warren K. Billings, respectfully pray for the exercise of executive clemency for these unfortunate men and especially for a favorable consideration of the application of Thomas J. Mooney for pardon.

It is our opinion that by reason of the exposure of the perjury of the chief witnesses for the prosecution, the revelations of the United States Government Investigator as to the dishonest methods employed by the prosecution, and the unanimous opinion of the court and jury on the evidence subsequent to the convictions, that the said convictions are not only entirely discredited, but that the inference is compelled that these two men were innocent of the crimes charged.

It is further urged that the plain and imperative demands of justice require the liberation of Billings and Mooney for the reason that the opinion of the judge and jury, as men, is entitled to more weight, in view of the subsequent evidence, than their opinion as a court, upon perjured evidence. It is, therefore, respectfully submitted that where the process of the law fails by its own limitations to do full and complete justice, but on the other hand becomes the agency for gross injustice, it is the appropriate and necessary function of the executive to alleviate matters to the end that a lasting reproach upon the law might not endure.

It would seem unnecessary to add that those persons and groups interested in the continued imprisonment of innocent men by reason of the conflict of economic and political opinion, adopt the surest method to alienate the public confidence in their institutions and work. Regardless, however, of the wisdom of such action, the obligation upon all public-minded persons is imperative to forbid the use of the machinery of the law to such ends.

Respectfully submitted,

CHARLES E. CARPENTER, Dean;
CHARLES G. HOWARD, Professor of Law;
BERNARD C. GAVITT, Professor of Law;
FOWLER V. HARPER, Professor of Law.

This fine statement is particularly welcome, coming from such a source, and for two reasons. The University of Oregon is a conservative institution, and this group of law professors cannot be accused of excessive tenderness toward radicals. And the statement comes from the West Coast, where there has been an astonishing and embarrassing reluctance on the part of community leaders to speak out against the injustice of the Mooney case. We hope that others even closer to Sacramento will now feel that honor calls them to follow the same road.

HOW many of our readers are aware, we wonder, that there is a Copyrights Problem? The brutal fact, however, is, that the United States, Russia and China, are the only countries in the world, civilized or not, that refuse to sign an international copyright convention, to secure automatic and universal protection for authors' works. This be-damned-to-you attitude is nothing new; we've been doing it for years. No foreign author's work is copyrighted here unless he complies with our domestic copyright laws; in other words, he has to have his book reprinted in the United States, or lay himself open to any literary pirate who happens along. We quote from a pamphlet by Mr. Thorvald Solberg, of the Copyright Office, in the Library of Congress:

> It is admitted that this typesetting requirement is but a measure of protection on behalf of the American printer. No copyright principle is involved. The author's thought, his language, his style remain the same, whether his book is set up in a printing house in England or in the United States. The mere reprinting in America of the text of the British author's book is not necessarily any gain either to the author or his readers. *It is only important with respect to the profits obtainable from reprinting the book.* (Italics ours.)

NOT many foreign authors whose books might have profitable sales suffer, it is true, from this situation, since an American publisher who brings out the work of such an author will print and copyright the book here in order to safeguard himself. Outside of the relatively few pirated authors, the chief sufferer is the purchaser of books, in so far as he bears the burden of higher printing costs in this country. The American copyright is, in its effect, essentially a protective tariff. Why not, then, amend it to permit international copyright and treat the problem as we do that of any other tariff? If to permit the free importation of all works printed abroad would work too much hardship on an industry built up on protection, a duty might be maintained at a proper level, with a view to reducing it gradually as circumstances warrant. In the meantime, the foreign author's property in his work would be completely safeguarded—which is certainly a desirable consummation.

THE Willard Straight Post of the American Legion, in New York City, has asked the Legion's National Commander to investigate the Armistice Day riot in Centralia, Washington, in 1919. This riot, as most of our readers will remember, occurred when parading members of the American Legion and I. W. W.'s fought one another, with the result that four parading Legionnaires were shot and killed and one I. W. W. lynched. Eight of the I. W. W. are now serving long sentences in prison for second-degree murder. The Legionnaires have always contended, with the support of public opinion in Washington, that the I. W. W. deliberately fired upon the paraders; while the other side maintained that the parade was headed for the hall with the undoubted intention of attacking the Wobblies, and that the latter fired in self-defense. Whatever

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the facts about this, there seems no doubt whatever that the trial was an unfair one. As the Willard Straight Post puts it, this trial, at which the eight I. W. W.'s were convicted, "was conducted in an atmosphere which rendered calm reasoning probably impossible, and in the presence of troops brought to the scene over the protests of the presiding judge."

MANY Legionnaires were continually present at the trial in uniform, and the prosecution was headed by a man who later became State Commander. The County Bar Association passed a resolution that none of its members should act for the defendants, and when the trial was held in a city fifty miles away, "only one attorney in the whole state could be found to defend the men accused." In view of these facts, and of important new testimony not available at the time of the trial, the Willard Straight Post asks that the national organization of the Legion appoint a distinguished committee of lawyers, none of them from the State of Washington, to go over the whole case. The Post, of course, knew very well that any such action by the Legion was most unlikely. We take it for granted that the request was a formal one, made for the purpose of calling attention to the plight of the Centralia victims, and on that assumption we applaud it. The Centralia episode is a disgrace to the inhabitants of that community, the state of Washington, the American Legion and this country. It will continue to be one until such tardy and partial retribution, as is now possible, is made.

Middletown's Devil

MR. CLARENCE AYRES' article in this issue of The New Republic on "Who Owns Middletown?" raises the question of the personal Devil in modern civilization. He is much impressed by such calm researches as those carried on by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lynd into the social phenomena of a typical American city, or those embodied in the report of the National Bureau of Economic Research upon "Recent Economic Changes," but he is eager to find out, and, one gathers, to challenge to trial by combat, those who are individually responsible for situations which, one also gathers, he greatly dislikes. It is a natural feeling, which no doubt awakens sympathy in every normal heart.

Nothing would be easier and more remunerative, for the time being, than to give Mr. Ayres his Devil and bless his sword and buckler. We might say—if we thought so shrewd a critic would believe us—that there is a secret board of nine men who meet Tuesdays and Thursdays on the fifty-eighth floor of a building near the corner of Broad and Wall Streets, New York City, to make plots to keep the citizens of Middletown in subjection, to control the speakers and songs at Rotary clubs, and to arrange things so that people will prefer the talkies to Greek drama. Unfortunately, however, Mr. Ayres and his sympathizers cannot really take such charges seriously. They have been brought up on modern history, philosophy and science, which have made a new morality out of scepticism and depersonalization.

The Devil has been cast out, not only from Heaven but from Hell. And when he left Hell, he also had to be banished from the World. Instead of magicians we have chemistry and physics; elemental spirits have become protons and electrons; we have discovered that wars are not fought between angelic nations on the one hand and satanic nations on the other; even criminals are now supposed not to be fully responsible agents, in the old moral sense of the law, but to be largely the creatures of heredity and environment. One of the main tenets of this new morality which has so pervasive and subtle a hold on us is, indeed, that the really devilish influence is belief in the Devil. It is those who do personalize social forces who sustain fundamentalism in education, who put over prohibition, and who save the country from Al Smith. It is they who nourish the economic myth that every "successful" man is the product of his own merit, and, therefore, deserves adulation and imitation. It is they who execute Sacco and Vanzetti because they are anarchists.

Mr. Ayres may object—as he objected in other connections—that the new abstract "forces" of science are no less mysterious and unaccountable than the more picturesque personalities which they supplanted. It is just as difficult seriously to believe in a proton as it is to believe in the Devil, and there is no more rational method of accounting for it. Indeed, too devout a trust in it and its doings may wreak just as much harm as too superstitious a belief in supernatural creatures. But can we bid Mr. Ayres go back to the Devil on that account? Of course we can't. After all, the logic which leads us to the proton is a more ingenious and resistant fabric than that which led our ancestors to Satan, and—what is of greater importance—it enables us to accomplish many more things en route. Whether the things we have so accomplished were worth doing is beside the point of the argument, which is that the mental habit of science is validated by the more accurate ability which it generates to get whatever results may be desired than the mental habit of religious mythology.

To return to Mr. Ayres' mutton, we do not believe for a moment that the present human scene in America is the designed product of any group of persons—whether in business or elsewhere—who know exactly what kind of society they want, who have achieved the power to control it, and who do so. That does not mean that we think there are no persons exercising controls, or that there are no conspiracies—as faithful readers of The New Republic must be aware. There are open and secret

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conspiracies to forestall the growth of labor organizations, to thwart governmental ownership of public utilities, to raise the tariff, to prevent the engagement of "liberal" speakers, to increase our consumption of sugar or our use of soap, to make us give flowers to Mother, to keep us from using naughty words, and to induce us to send our children to Sunday School. Some of these conspiracies The New Republic believes are worth fighting with all the fury anyone can muster, and if Mr. Ayres wants to engage them in mortal combat, he is welcome to spend his night of dedication in our chapel. But somehow we do not feel that this assurance will quite satisfy him. He is looking for a single throat to wring; he wants a championship; a Miss or a Mrs. Universe to challenge.

It would be unsatisfactory, we admit, though perhaps useful, to kill these giants singly and seriatim, when others continually spring from their spattered blood. But that is just what we do if we regard the struggle against them as a struggle merely against wicked persons, to be checked by the will of others formulated as law, or to be converted by preaching against their evil ways. And if there is no single commanding general who directs the activities of the giants, what recourse is there, except to those impersonal "forces" and conditions which science may discover? The questions which science may profitably ask include not only who now wield powers over our collective life, but just what the powers are, how they arise, what determines the purposes for which the powerful contend, how well they accomplish these purposes, what other results, unintended, flow from the exercise of the powers. It might, for instance, be discovered that the inventor of the gasoline engine, plus Henry Ford, had unsuspectingly had more influence over the morals of the young of Middletown than all the churches and chambers of commerce combined. Would the result be attributable to persons and purposes? Or rather to an inadequate understanding of the devious ways by which changes in mores occur?

This does not mean that human affairs are ungovernable, mechanistically predetermined by inexorable and abstract forces. It does not mean that choices may not be made among policies, that power may not be exercised, or transferred, or checked by other manifestations of power. That is the mistake of those who have taken their science too literally and too simply, by those who have concluded that it is a waste of time to be concerned about what happens in public affairs, and have centered their interest upon their egos. But the hope of a better definition of public ends and of a deft exercise of social control does depend, in large measure, upon finding out much more than we know now about what the actual situation is and how the wheels and levers work. When we have formulated policies on the basis of reliable information and have set up institutions to carry them out, we are ready to carry on any necessary warfare against those who oppose the policies and institutions. In the meantime the job is at least as much to bring order out of chaos as it is to seek out the enemies of society. That is a job not without the joys of conflict. For there are many who, for one reason or another, are partisans of chaos. To establish the idea that social controls are possible and desirable is to win half the battle.

Studies like "Middletown" or "Recent Economic Changes" do not reveal devils or set up policies, but they give us bases of fact which are essential if we are to have policies, controls or conflicts which are to have any calculable result. It is a virtue that they stimulate persons like Mr. Ayres to ask who is responsible and what can be done about it. But it is also a virtue that they refrain from answering these questions before the answer can be truthful enough to be serviceable. That does not prevent us from experimenting with social controls —as we have extensively done in economic, political and educational affairs, for instance. Indeed, the experimentation is a necessary part of our learning process. That the results are not yet sufficiently evident is merely a sign that we must try again and learn more. It is not necessarily a sign that we are not sufficiently aroused against the Powers of Evil.

After Two Years

AUGUST 23 is the second anniversary of the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti. In last week's New Republic we recorded the fact that person interested in the case sought to hold a memorial meeting in Boston, but were unable to do so. They tried successively the owners of all the halls in that city, and of the lot, only one was brave enough to permit a discussion of the case. His auditorium was unfortunately injured by fire a week or two ago, and the memorial meeting therefore had to be transferred to New York, where the case is not such a sensitive subject. It will be held at the Town Hall at 8:30 P. M. on August 23, and will be open to the public.

The question is often asked of the editors of The New Republic, and in some cases by persons whose sincerity is not open to dispute, Why have more meetings about the Sacco-Vanzetti affair? The men are dead; the case is closed; why continue an agitation which, it is said, can do only harm? It is a fair question, and is entitled to a fair answer.

One reply to this inquiry is to be found in the action of those public officials and private businessmen in Boston who do not dare to permit a memorial meeting even when the list of speakers, published in advance, is an ample guarantee of moderation and dignity. Boston has a bad conscience; the case is an unliquidated moral issue for that city and for Massachusetts. The attempt to modify the state law so that a recurrence of the tragedy would be impossible has thus far been only

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very partially successful. A bill was introduced in 1928, giving the Supreme Court the right to review questions of facts as well as of law, and it was defeated. The following year, the Massachusetts Bar Association introduced two bills. One of these was similar to the bill of 1928, and was postponed until the session of 1930. The other bill, giving the Supreme Court the power to stay executions pending the decision of judicial questions, was passed and is now the law. In view of all the facts, this is, we submit, a shameful record of delay and only partial correction of a glaring evil.

The legal situation which helped to murder Sacco and Vanzetti therefore remains uncorrected. What of the situation in regard to public opinion? There is an important clue in an utterance of President Lowell a few days ago. He was asked to speak at the memorial meeting and wrote in reply:

> I do not care to speak at the meeting on the anniversary of the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti, for I have nothing to add to what I have stated in our report. In my opinion, the men were undoubtedly guilty, and the evidence would have been deemed by everyone conclusive had it not been for the sympathy excited by the claim that they were "Reds."

The New Republic pointed out repeatedly at the time of Governor Fuller's investigation that it was no business of his Committee to seek to determine whether Sacco and Vanzetti were guilty. What it should have done was to find whether they had a fair trial under the Judge Thayer who said: "Did you see what I did to those anarchistic bastards?" That the Committee was unfit to try the question of guilt was shown by President Lowell's conduct as a member of it, and particularly in regard to the Sacco alibi established by Bosco and Guadagni. The important point is that the American system of justice broke down in the Sacco-Vanzetti case. Governor Fuller and the members of his Committee gave every evidence of being actuated, perhaps unconsciously but none the less powerfully, by class and race and political prejudice. They have never made any answer to this charge. They have not sought to defend, in detail, conduct which has seemed, to an overwhelming majority of the hundreds of intelligent men who have reviewed it, to be indefensible. Their attitude is that of the dominant hierarchy in Boston, and throughout this country. It is possible to argue that the Sacco-Vanzetti case has helped a little to prevent another such affair—at Gastonia, for instance—but there is no evidence that this is the case. As long as the Lowells and the Fullers continue to assert the guilt of Sacco and Vanzetti on grounds which do not convince most competent students of the record, and as long as prevalent public morality approves, as it unquestionably does approve, of punishing men you do not like whether or not they commit the crimes with which they are charged—that long there will be good reason for continuing to hold memorial meetings for the shoemaker and the fish peddler.

The British Balk

MR. SNOWDEN, in delivering his ultimatum to the Hague Conference on the Young Plan, spoke not merely for Labor but for all parties, and all parties agreed with him because he expressed a resentment which has long been smouldering in the British consciousness. Ever since the signature of the Versailles Treaty, France has been the intransigent, Britain the compromiser. France, by the nuisance value of her Ruhr occupation, delaying European recovery, gained the chief advantage of the reparations bargains made. She was always the prima donna who had to be placated in order that the show might go on.

So long as the sums of reparations agreed upon remained in the fantastic realm of paper billions which sober economists knew could never be paid, her advantages counted for little and were not taken too seriously. But now that the calculations are coming closer to earth, she bobs up with the substantial prize. Not only that, but France settled her debt to the United States on the basis of fifty cents on the dollar, and her debt to Great Britain at forty-three cents, while Great Britain settled with us at eighty-two cents (if we reckon the present value of the settlements on a 4¼ percent basis). France got rid of a large portion of her internal debt by inflation of prices and a final devaluation of the franc, while Great Britain deflated, and went back to the pre-war gold basis of her currency. The British taxpayers and treasury are carrying a heavy burden to pay the debt to internal bondholders. The Bank of England has a much smaller and more precariously held gold reserve, in relation to its outstanding currency and credit, than the Bank of France. Indeed, the financial resources of Paris promise to be such that she can make a serious effort to rival London as the leading money market of the world. Britain has had severe unemployment, France practically none. Mr. Snowden evidently felt that the time had come to cease making concessions to France and to assert Britain's interest. He therefore created the crisis in the conference, certain that at the worst a side-tracking of the Young Plan would automatically resuscitate the Dawes plan, which some British authorities felt should have been allowed to run on to its inevitable collapse, in order to get a really final settlement.

While Mr. Snowden is none too enthusiastic about the Balfour policy to collect from Germany and the Allies as much as, but no more than, Great Britain will have to pay the United States, he has a firm intention to accept nothing worse than that. Great Britain has already paid us much more than she has received. On the surface, the figures of the Young plan seem to clear her in the future. According to a calculation made by the London Economist, she will get from reparations and debt settlements, deducting the share of the Dominions, £32,300,000 in 1930 against £32,800,000 due us; £38,800,000 in 1940 against £38,000,000; £37,700,000 in 1960

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against £37,100,000; and £38,800,000 in 1980 against £38,300,000. But the reparations part of these receipts, which constitutes about half of them, are derived principally from the postponable part of the German annuities, which realistic British economists know are not only likely to be postponed, but probably will not continue to be paid at all. One-third of the annuities (650,000,000 marks), are to be "nonpostponable"; these will in all probability be used to pay the interest and amortization of a large bond issue from which cash may be obtained. But, according to the Young plan, France is entitled to 500,000,000 marks of these fixed annuities, and Britain's share is small indeed. In settlements with her own debtors Great Britain, unlike the United States, has preferred to arrange for larger payments in the immediate future rather than for payments over a long series of years, even if the theoretical total must thereby be reduced. She is wise enough to know that in such matters a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. It irks her to see France capitalizing the only certain and prompt part of the receipts from Germany, while she is put off with extremely dubious promises.

It is true that France is obligated to build up a guarantee fund to satisfy Germany's other debtors in case the postponable annuities should not be forthcoming, but this is at best a second mortgage. It is also true that, theoretically, France is being awarded the cash to reimburse her for her reconstruction of the devastated provinces, and is counting upon the postponable annuities to cover her payments to us. In this respect she is in the same boat as Great Britain. If the reparations payments failed she would, like England, move for a revision of her debt settlements. But neither country has any assurance that we would consent to revision; indeed the stubborn attitude of our officials in admitting any connection between reparations and debts indicates that we should not consent. In that case, France would have received the lion's share of what Germany had paid, and England would be left in the cold. Such a prospect is most unappetizing to a government which wants to use the funds from taxation to the benefit of its inhabitants instead of shipping them out of the country.

Hardly secondary to this feeling over the division of the spoils is the concern over the future of the Bank of England, and of such matters as international price levels and discount policies, if the Bank for International Settlements is to develop as a powerful reserve bank for the world as well as to act in the transfer of reparations. Will it compete with London for the available gold supply, thus further reducing the margin of safety which has been plaguing England ever since she returned to the gold standard? Will it, perchance, favor high interest rates at a time when England wants low ones? British authorities have already been chafing under the partial dependence of British financial policy upon the actions of the New York Federal Reserve Bank and the state of the American money market; Mr. J. M. Keynes, indeed, made this dependence one of his chief arguments for the substitution of a managed currency for the gold standard. But a real international bank might be much more powerful than any national financial center. And who would direct its policies? There is no international government to control it. Even so conservative an organ as The Economist points out that in the last analysis bank control is a matter of public policy, and that while governments sometimes interfere unwisely with the central banks, and in ordinary circumstances wisely refrain from dictating to them, they should retain the right to do so.

It may be thought strange that a Labor Chancellor should so concern himself with the financial prestige of London, and indeed Mr. Snowden does see eye to eye with the bankers in many respects. But on reflection it appears that it is just as important to labor as to anyone—perhaps more so—that the government should not lose its control over banking policy. If, as is desired by the left wing of the party, the Bank of England should some day be nationalized, it is well that what the government takes over should stand on its own feet. It is conceivable that an international bank like that proposed in the Young plan might become an instrument of international capitalism which could take action extremely embarrassing to a Socialist government. On this account we should not be surprised to see the British insist that if the settlement is to retain the bank, its powers be strictly limited, and provisions be made for changes in its constitution and control, if indeed, they do not demand that it be located in London.

In view of these facts, many of the influential American papers were fatuous in counselling Mr. Snowden to be a good fellow and swallow the Young plan as an "indivisible whole" for the sake of international comity. His manners were bad, perhaps, and he made the French furious. But the French would have been just as furious if his manners had been good, while he was snatching away from their lips so tempting a morsel. We have a good deal of sympathy with the feeling that it was high time for Britain to take a stand.

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Who Owns Middletown?

NOW that the chorus in praise of "Middletown" has been fully heard, the time has come when we can ask ourselves whether after all, as "a study in contemporary civilization," it is wholly satisfactory. We need not be in the least ashamed of having raised our voices in the general enthusiasm. For my own part, I am as much convinced as ever of the unique value of this study and report. Indeed, I am not at all sure that my growing dissatisfaction with it is not the highest tribute I can pay the book. It must be a powerful book to plague me so. If I ask, "Does it go far enough?" I am acknowledging that it does go a very great way. But does it go far enough?

We have, in this study, an admirable account of the sentiments and attitudes that prevail in the various social strata of a typical American town. These sentiments and attitudes present an extraordinary picture. Amazing changes and equally amazing atavisms are revealed existing side by side not only in the same town but in the same social groups and individuals. The net effect, as Professor Dewey has pointed out, is that of chaos. Professor Dewey has also pointed out that the superficial chaos of conflicting sentiments and antagonistic attitudes is itself only a symptom of deep changes that are going on in the whole structure of our civilization, and there is ample evidence in their text that the authors of "Middletown" fully recognize this fact. In a large way and with pardonable vagueness they too attempt to indicate what "social forces"—of "progress" and "cultural lag"—are responsible for the confusion they depict. What they do not show, and apparently have not cared to inquire, is *who* is responsible.

Now I venture to say that such an omission would surprise us very much in a study of any community and period but our own. Government, the exercise by certain persons of control over other persons, is a constant in human civilization whose importance no one would propose, in the abstract, to call in question. Wherever we turn in human history and whatever cultural phenomena we find, we always find certain individuals, groups and classes at work upon the situation modifying certain elements in the total situation, perpetuating others without change, and so forth; so that one of the things we ordinarily want first to know about any such affair is what direction that effective exercise of power is taking. But here we have a picture of our own culture, in which presumably we feel in our own persons the sources and directions of effective power, nevertheless described as though all the human beings in the situation were equally inert, all equally the passive subjects of "social force"—as though, in short, there were among us no such thing as the rulers and the ruled.

In part I have no doubt that this "limitation of their field" was deliberately intended by the authors of the study, and is an effect of their assumption of the anthropological manner. Strictly speaking, there is no such thing as "the" anthropological method; but there is, of course, the anthropological manner, the objective attitude admirably described by an eminent anthropologist in his foreword to "Middletown"; and the value of this study is clearly due to the success with which the authors did maintain this objective attitude. No one doubts that we need to study contemporary culture in this manner. But how? The science of anthropology offers insufficient guidance at this rather important point. It has been, after all, a conglomerate growth and has adopted and developed many various objective methods—from philology, archaeology, anatomy and so on—most of which are as applicable to ourselves as to anybody else; but what chiefly impresses the imagination of the layman is the success of the anthropologist as a collector. To most of us anthropology means (a) Frazer's "The Golden Bough" and (b) the exhibits in the American Museum of Natural History.

I do not mean to say at all that the outlook of the authors of "Middletown" is as limited as that. Their many footnotes show on the contrary a quite exemplary acquaintance with the best in modern anthropological literature. But I am seeking to account to myself for their strange limitation, evidently under the anthropological influence, to certain types of activity: "getting a living, making a home, training the young, using leisure, engaging in religious practices, engaging in community activities." This list was adapted from a classification worked out by Rivers; but neither Rivers nor any other anthropologist ever organized his observations either in a field report or in a general synthesis upon any such scheme as this. Rivers was especially interested in certain problems of kinship organization, that is to say, in the framework of personal control and rulership—the very thing that is most conspicuously absent from "Middletown"; and all the general surveys of primitive life, of which Lowie's "Primitive Society" is a leading example, devote much space to the explicit consideration of political domination, priestly influence, property control and the like—once more just what "Middletown" omits. What "Middletown" includes, on the other hand, is just the kind of folk beliefs and sentiments most encyclopedically set forth by Frazer, and just the kind of activity that is illustrated in museum sets representing house-

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hold arts, religious accoutrements, tools, artistry and all the rest. The effect of this is anthropological in the sense that contemporary culture is treated as defunct, presented stuffed and mounted, as it were—a museum piece.

I say this quite without asperity. Everyone knows that the problem of the archaeologist is very different from that of the student of contemporary civilization. Even when they are not defunct, primitive people are by no means so well equipped to resist investigation by us as we are, ourselves. The difference was well illustrated only a week or two ago by a cartoon in the Saturday Evening Post which showed an investigator poised on the threshold of a rich man's home and inquiring there, "Does your husband drink? What is the pathological history of your family? Do you believe in behaviorism? Let me see your bedrooms." In our civilization, moreover, the question "Who are the rulers and how do they rule?" may be peculiarly difficult. As an instrument of control our "kinship organization," as anthropologists would call it, is so tenuous as to be almost non-existent; and even our ostensible machinery of government presents a strange anomaly of inaction and ineffectiveness in action. We hear much of a growing "contempt for law" and can hardly fail to be aware of a lessening respect for even the most august assemblages of law-makers; and a political thinker as cautious and responsible as Mr. Walter Lippmann says quite bluntly that the most hallowed concepts of our political past—the state, democracy, representative government—are now wholly ineffective "and have become push buttons which touch off emotional reflexes."

But who pushes the buttons? My point is that some one must do so. In all other civilizations some one does so. It is incredible that in our society alone no one rules and no one is effectively dominated. But this is rhetoric. As a matter of fact every one knows that in our socicy the effective concentration of control is in the hands of business men. How that control is allocated and to what ends it is exercised we may not fully know; but that it exists, no normal adult can seriously doubt.

Such being the case, it seems to me that the one thing we supremely need to know about contemporary civilization is just this: Who controls it, and how, and to what end? I do not mean even now to suggest that the answer can be had for the asking. It would be only natural if the most important question were also the most difficult; and in the actual situation many known facts do point to just such supreme difficulty. We do know, for instance, that business men resist prying with intense vigor and usually with success. We know, nevertheless, from occasional untoward revelations, that control is exercised through secret channels. We know something, for example, though far from all, of the mechanism of the Continental Trading Company—one of those "intricate mechanisms of organization" for which the ingenuity of business men has been so highly praised—and of the control that was exerted through it over a cabinet member and the national officers of a great political party. We know something, though certainly not all, of the control of public opinion by power corporations through the purchase of college professors and of periodicals—such as the ingenious mechanism whereby the officer of a power company loaned $50,000 to A, who loaned it to B, who loaned it to C, who used it, with the advice of various power magnates, to finance a newspaper. What must strike us most forcibly in such isolated incidents as come to our knowledge is the excruciating furtiveness with which these mechanisms of control are laid about us. Are we living in the midst of a gigantic, inchoate conspiracy? Is this chaos and confusion of our ideas and sentiments, of which "Middletown" paints so vivid a panorama, the effect upon us of going to the schools and reading the periodicals that are controlled by such furtive "interests"? Apparently the thing is a possibility. So calm a journal as The New Republic recognizes it as a possibility when it says, editorially, "It may easily be that those with the greatest economic power in modern society would turn out to be selfish minorities seeking to influence these policies in their own interest. In that case the struggle against them would assume point and reality."

But if such a thing is even remotely possible, can anything be compared with the importance of knowing it at once? It is all very well to talk of social control of social forces. Control is control of persons. The question is, What control over persons is now exercised? If we are now ruled by a hierarchy of business men in their interest, as The New Republic considers possible, then "social control" is really counter-control: the control of the controllers. The object of the anti-trust laws was, I should suppose, the control of "malefactors of great wealth." They seem to have failed of this purpose. A notable financial personage is reported to have said at the time of the dissolution of the Standard Oil Company that the Supreme Court might dissolve its head off, but it could not devise instruments of control as fast as he and his associates could invent the means of circumventing them. "Ingenious mechanisms"! One of the objects of the Federal Reserve system is, presumably, the control of stock exchange manipulators; but in the pursuit of this objective the officers of the Federal Reserve are being frankly opposed by more than one "financial genius" and invisibly circumvented by quite a considerable host, so that it remains very much to be proved whether that instrument will be finally effective. Why talk of abstract forces when we mean personal interests? Or do we? In the editorial from which I have quoted, the editors of The New Republic warn their readers away from too hasty judgments either for or against the "capitalist system," and I have no doubt the warning is merited. But is there not such a thing as being too leisurely if not too compliant in this matter? In the same article the

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editors greatly praise a learned volume published lately under the title "Recent Economic Changes"; but with all their praise what they chiefly say of it is that its effect is inconclusive: like "Middletown" it does not tell us what we want to know.

Strangely enough, this makes me very impatient. Such pictures as "Middletown" are upsetting. They make us feel that this will not do at all, this abysmal disorder. We are told that we can still labor faithfully to convert disorder into order; and Professor Dewey calls our failure to do so hitherto "our great abdication," and ascribes it to "a strain of fear running through American life. . . . lest we upset something." But do we labor fruitfully? Is ours a passive disorder, or is it disorder progressively confounded by persons more potent than ourselves? Is our fear merely a vague distrust of our own reconstructive powers, or is it a pointed and poignant dread of "starting something we can't finish"? The authors of "Middletown," the authors of "Recent Economic Changes," the editors of The New Republic smilingly reply, We do not know. But that does not satisfy me. Like Sherwood Anderson's adolescent, I want to know why!

C. E. AYRES.

Labor Banking After Ten Years

LABOR banking, like the labor movement itself, has already had its conspicuous successes as well as its deplorable failures. A few institutions under labor ownership or control now have resources of between $10,000,000 and $20,000,000 each and, at their present rate of growth, are likely within a decade to be regarded as substantial financial enterprises even in a banking center like New York City. A few likewise have apparently solved their problems of internal management and have developed a staff that compares favorably with the personnel of well-managed private banks. While this fact is generally more difficult to confirm, it is known that some labor banks have earned a high rate of return on their capital and have diverted a large share of their profits into surplus and reserves, where it properly belongs.

The anticipated pioneer activities of labor banks have also in a few cases been realized. Dollar remittances into Russia, at a time when there were no channels for the safe transmission of money from individuals in the United States to their families and friends in Russia, was a service begun by a labor bank. Small loans to wage earners at reasonable rates, which are now being made by several of the large private banking institutions of New York City, is another social service initiated by a bank owned by organized labor. A labor bank, again, originated the device of the long-term loan to workingmen, by which method it has been possible to finance workers' ownership of apartments and to develop coöperative housing. Where, finally, the labor bank has been successful and has been adding steadily to its resources, the indirect contribution it has made to the prestige and influence of the trade union in many unforeseen directions has far exceeded the hopes of its founders.

As a movement, however, labor banking has suffered from that lack of direction and unity that has characterized American organized labor, in its purely trade union activities, during the past several decades. In both number and resources, the movement is smaller today than it was several years ago; the period of contagious growth appears, for the moment at least, to be past. A substantial number of institutions have been sold or liquidated because of mismanagement, and, of those that are left, a very few can lay just claim to features that distinguish them from the common run of small, privately owned and operated commercial banks.

The labor banking movement reached its peak in the first quarter of 1927, when there were apparently thirty-five labor banks, with a combined capital of $9,155,000, surplus and undivided profits of $4,162,000, deposits of $109,785,000 and total resources of $128,141,000. Since then some few new banks have been started, but by July, 1929, the total number of banks in operation had shrunk to twenty-four; their capital to $7,012,000, their surplus and undivided profits to $3,823,000, deposits to $93,950,000 and resources to $110,538,000.

Except for isolated instances, like the International Union Bank of New York City, which was sold to private interests in March, 1928, or the Brotherhood Savings and Trust Company of Pittsburgh, which failed in October, 1926, the fourteen institutions which have gone out of business represent, in the main, banks directly or indirectly controlled by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. Of these institutions some suffered outright liquidation, some were sold to private interests, others were merged with private banks, and thus passed out of the control of the union. Before the next two years are over it would not be surprising to see the chain of the Engineer banks further reduced by the liquidation or sale of more of its institutions.

The failure of the financial enterprises of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, one of the oldest and strongest labor unions of the country,

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has unquestionably been the great disaster of the labor banking movement. Beginning in 1920 the Locomotive Engineers, almost wholly under the direction of Warren Stone, launched a nation-wide chain of banks, investment companies, and collateral real-estate and industrial enterprises that quickly grew to huge proportions. The history of the more spectacular of these undertakings, such as the Coal River Collieries, which soon after its purchase involved the Locomotive Engineers in grave difficulties with the United Mine Workers and the real estate development of Venice, Florida, is already common knowledge. While the complete story of the difficulties of this intricate and ambitious program of the Engineers has not yet been made public, enough about it is known to indicate that the collapse of the venture was due to the lack of plan and simple foresight, and to gross mismanagement. The losses to the union, in part made up by a heavy special assessment on its members, and to individuals, members and non-members, cannot be estimated because the process of liquidation is by no means completed and because there is no assurance that the leaks have yet been stopped. Meanwhile it would appear to be important for somebody to discover how much the present management of the Engineers' financial and real estate companies has learned from the mistakes of its predecessors.

A catastrophe of the same magnitude is not likely to be duplicated, if for no other reason than that the present list of labor banks contains no other chain comparable in size to that of the Locomotive Engineers. But there are probably still a few institutions among the twenty-four that rest on no secure financial foundations. Labor banking, moreover, no more than private banking, is immune from the peculations that have characterized the history of such banks as the City Trust Company and others whose officers have played fast and loose with the moneys of their depositors.

For the recent experience of the American labor movement with banks and other financial activities there is no single satisfactory explanation. The root of the matter is to be found in ancient and traditional habits of organized labor, which account for the long list of failures in coöperative undertakings that dot the history of American labor. Although the administrative requirements of a trade union, in all of its various activities, are many and fundamental, labor organizations have rarely shown keen preoccupation with the problems of sound and efficient administration. Many of the losses encountered in the daily routine of the business of a labor organization, are the result of nothing more than simple administrative incompetence. It is fair to say, I think, that the present weakened state of the American labor movement is more directly attributable to its own lack of resourcefulness and executive skill than to the tactics and power of its opposition.

When loose methods of thinking and acting are transferred bodily to such a sensitive institution as a bank, where mistakes of judgment do not cancel out, the consequences are bound to be cumulative and disastrous. The effects of unsound economic policy and inept administration flower slowly in the operations of collective bargaining and are obscured by many accidental circumstances. But bad commercial loans and improper investments are brought to light finally in the periodic annual or semi-annual examinations by the State Banking Department or the Comptroller of the Currency.

Part and parcel of this indifference to essential standards of administration is the prejudice of the common run of trade unions against the employment of skilled and experienced "outsiders" for the performance of such technical work as the union may have. This prejudice is deep-rooted and has frequently received philosophic support in the literature of trade unionism. But it requires no vast acquaintance with the problems of organized labor to observe how serious a limiting factor the persistence of the prejudice has been. It is certainly no contribution to the progress of organized labor to have so many of its jobs performed by dull and inexperienced people.

A famous American lawyer is reported as having said that the defeats of American labor in injunction proceedings are as often due to incompetent labor lawyers as to the attitude of the courts or the state of the law. Any objective survey of the executive departments of the bulk of trade unions, from their newspapers to their employment offices, would reveal how aptly this dictum applies to much of labor officialdom. It should excite no surprise, therefore, that when trade unions begin to engage in new and unfamiliar activities, they carry with them into their new experiments at least some of their old habits and methods.

Nearly a decade's experience with labor banking and with coöperative enterprises discloses no peculiar dangers in these new activities of organized labor. Where an organization has brought to its pure and simple trade union activities vision, courage and competent management, its collateral undertakings have flourished, and have realized the expectations of their founders. The mobilization of the financial resources of organized labor and their productive and profitable use is peculiarly the function of a wise, far-sighted labor movement because the equitable distribution of the income and property in a country is, or should be, the peculiar concern of organized labor. The organization of investment trusts whose members are allowed to share fairly in the growing equities of American business; and of coöperative insurance and housing companies, banks, and the like, is bound in time to affect profoundly the distribution of the wealth and income of the country. Such enterprises would inevitably become, under labor ownership, an unprecedented source of power and service. But

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until the labor movement, as we know it in this country, is ready to scrap its obsolescent machinery of administration and to revise its conceptions of the proper substance of trade union policy, these functions will remain where they are now with the leaders of American business. Meanwhile it is a reflection on the capacity of organized labor to manage its own affairs that current proposals for the spread of employee ownership should not be originated and exploited by the labor movement for the advantage of itself and of its members.

LEO WOLMAN.

The Future of Poetry

THE GREATEST peril that the machine age presents to poetry is not that it hurries us along too fast, or that it shrinks our horizons, or that it robs us of a comprehensive philosophy, but that it forces us to live in a world as empty of emotional values as the algebraic letter x. Men no longer use tools. They tend machines. And that verb marks an immense change in habits of thought and work. They are no longer, as Stuart Chase has recently pointed out, familiar with the processes that rule their lives. The fundamentals of getting food and shelter that were the natural concern of the savage and the squatter have become, in our urban and mechanized existence, so complicated that they are now in the ken of a handful of technological experts only. For too many people, life has become merely a monotonous pulling of levers and pushing of buttons, between intervals of being shuttled back and forth underground like so much waste matter. This divorce from concrete realities is a distinct menace to poetry, which, oddly enough, cannot soar into the empyrean unless it can also walk the common earth.

All men turn poets when they are in love, and poetry might almost be defined as a falling in love with whatever its subject matter may be: a flower, or a faith, or an idea. Poetry invests it with the emotion of the lover, sees it, as he sees the beloved, under the aspect of eternity, seeks the definitive word, the expressive music that will somehow convey its quality. Such treatment is possible in dealing with things like the sky and the sea, though the first is impersonal and the second notoriously inhuman. It is not yet possible in dealing with the machine. Sea and sky have been affecting men's lives and working upon their imaginations and emotions since the days of the psalmist. But the machine is new and constantly changing. One's feeling for the ocean is only slightly modified by the fact that one travels over it in a modern steamer rather than in the galleys of the Greeks. It is the same ocean still. But the telephone and the automobile alter as quickly as man's inventiveness permits. Until the elements of our civilization become as familiar to us as the elements of the non-industrial, non-mechanical civilization were to the artisan and the farmer of a hundred years ago, we cannot incorporate them into the body of our poetry with success.

The implication is not that machines cannot be touched upon in poetry. Wordsworth once and for all answered the objection to the treatment of seemingly non-poetic themes. "The remotest discoveries of the Chemist, the Botanist, the Minerologist," he wrote, "will be as proper objects of the Poet's art as any upon which it can be employed, if the time should ever come when those things shall be familiar to us, and the relations under which they are contemplated by the followers of these respective sciences shall be manifestly and palpably material to us as enjoying and suffering beings."

Let us forget science for a little and consider the industrial revolution which science made possible, and the mechanistic civilization which it produced. The elements of this civilization—machines, engines, dynamos, the whole set of dehumanized devices for providing and distributing the materials of existence—the elements of this civilization are not, essentially, familiar to us. They are not manifestly and palpably material to us as enjoying and suffering beings. They are not familiar to us because they are too complex to be understood except by a very few of us. They are not material to us as enjoying and suffering beings, because we cannot respond emotionally to a machine which we do not comprehend and which we could not construct without the use of other machinery and much highly technical information, as we respond to the homely, humble, intimate tools that we can create after a fashion with our own hands and can certainly control.

For this reason, poetry, when it treats the elements of our civilization, treats them, generally, from a respectful distance. There are poems praising the beautiful precision, the noble organization of machinery. But there are no poems that are able to invest it with the warmth of passion that is bestowed upon a mere mouse, a common daisy, a house that is made with hands and inhabited by enjoying and suffering beings. MacKnight Black's lyrics, which presume to achieve the miracle, make machinery acceptable by speaking of it in human terms.

There are also any number of poems that lament the inhumanity of the present order of things, and more particularly the dehumanizing effect of the factory system. In so far as machinery has the power

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to cripple and kill, it affects us emotionally and is the proper subject of poetry. No one will deny that it does cripple and kill, both actually and figuratively speaking. But, on the other hand, crippling and killing is not, except in the case of machine guns, its prime reason for being, and so it enters into our lives and into our poetry in an oblique, indirect, tangential fashion.

But if poetry must deal with familiar things, it is none the less true that it can endure only through change, and the gradual assimilation of new subject matter is hopeful for the continued practise of the art. That it is possible, for example, to write poetry about airplanes which is not thoroughly pedestrian, the following lines prove:

CLOUDS

Earth dies to haze below, the cables sing,
The motor drones like some gigantic fly,
A monstrous mound of vapor bathes my wing
And backward with the wind goes sweeping by;
Above the voids white crags go sharp and dim,
Oaks wave, the discs of rootless islands swim,
And arches climb and crumble in the sun
Over gray dinosaur and mastodon.

Earth, dim and fluid, seals the ragged spaces
Where misty islands meet and part below;
Cities that mask eternal hungering faces,
Black wood and water mingle in its flow.
Down, down ten mountain heights beneath this floor
Of marble-smooth and marble-solid air,
The shout and pride and color are no more
Than moon-faint mottlings. Distance does not spare.
They are the clouds now. Icy-lipped I ride
A window-floor immeasurably wide,
Firmer than rooted stone. And through its glass
I watch their formless, sunken shadows pass.

Their author, Frank Ernest Hill, is himself an aviator, and, therefore, unlike most of those who versify about it, he knows the actuality of flying. His few lyrics dealing with that experience prove that it is possible to write good poems on so novel a subject and that there remain wide fresh fields, in a literal as well as a figurative sense, for the poet to explore. The machine age, while cutting him off from certain experiences, is able to offer him new ones that will become more completely his possession in so far as they become the intimate possession of his fellows.

The prerequisites for poetry would seem to be an experience passionately grasped, grasped with intensity, and a control of the medium in which it is to find expression. The industrial revolution notwithstanding, the experience of the moderns does not differ essentially from that of the poets of other days. Women are still fickle and men unfaithful; our little life is still rounded by a sleep, in which we know not what dreams may come; flowers and the sea and the moon are still enchanting; in short, love and death and beauty pierce us no less surely than they pierced men in Shakespeare's day or in Tennyson's. Moreover, the time is still far off when men will refresh their energies with compressed food tablets synthetically composed in a laboratory, when procreation will be effected in a test-tube, when old age will have ceased to torment us, and death be delayed until it is as acceptable as the tokens of maturity have ever been to youth. Until that time comes, the fertile or barren earth, the uneasy lover, the mother with her child, the pitiful ancient, the unanswering dead, will not cease to stir our blood and trouble our thoughts, and so will remain as they have remained for these thousands of years, the constant matrix of poetry.

But if poetic material changes relatively little, the mode in which it is cast is continually shifting. These changes of technique are to some extent a mere swing of the pendulum: an exhaustive playing with metrical schemes breeds an impatience of them that results in the development of free verse, and when this becomes tedious, the poets flock back in a body to their experiments with metre. But to some degree technique may be affected by purely external circumstances. Before the advent of the printing-press, verse was sung or intoned. When reading was no longer the exclusive privilege of the few, the musical quality of verse altered and, as time went on, suffered neglect, so that E. E. Cummings can now make typography and punctuation assist in the work that is normally required of meter and verbal texture only. If poetry recitals should come increasingly into favor in the great urban centers (the rural districts enjoy a vulgar version of them at present), the radio may lead the poets to appeal once more rather to the ear than to the eye, and a more naïvely musical and perhaps a more largely narrative poetry may come into vogue.

The remote effects of the radio are incalculable. The Manchester Guardian ran an editorial recently, commenting on the fact that the careful accents of radio announcers are "sapping and must continue to sap the distinctive talk of our fathers, and generations to come, in a Britain delivered over to 'correct' speech, may awaken too late to a realization that they have no means of knowing how much more rich life was in variety when one could make a fair guess at the county, the strath, sometimes even the suburb that a fellow-countryman came from in the course of a few minutes' talk." The editorial writer noted that gramophone records of dialect speech are being made in Yorkshire "to demonstrate to the emasculated Yorkshire men of the future how sadly they have strayed from the robust and racy speech of the men of old."

In the United States, where, if dialects are less pronounced, distances are greater, the distinctive accents of the different sections of the country may not tend to disappear rapidly. It is a good thing for poetry that New York radio announcers are not so apt to be heard regularly in San Francisco, nor Chicagoans in Louisville. Certainly, the more local

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cultures are encouraged, the more diversified language is, the more readily poetry should flourish. It is a vulgar error that this art is something that smells of the lamp. Nothing could be further from the truth. Poetry is the flower of the living tongue, and only language that is full of pith and quick with growth can give it color and fragrance. It should not be forgotten that Dante and Chaucer, writing in the Italian and the English of the closing middle ages, were employing language that was the very contrary of bookish. If Dante had held to the academically correct Latin of the time, if Chaucer had chosen the literary French tongue, though both would have been remembered in our orisons, neither, it is probable, would continue to be read. Of the two dangers the poet faces, that of being too colloquial and that of being too literary, the second is the worse. If he uses new-minted words that fail to gain permanent currency he will suffer, but if he uses language that is current only among the elect, he will almost certainly die.

We have the word of an authority on language, Professor Otto Jespersen, that "poetry is closely related to slang . . . in so far as both strive to avoid commonplace and every-day expressions. The difference is that where slang looks only for the striking or unexpected expression, and therefore is often merely eccentric or funny . . . poetry looks higher and craves abiding beauty—beauty in thought as well as beauty in form." That gallows'-bird, Villon, who packed his verse with slang, is still a living figure, whose lyrics we are at pains to elucidate, rejoicing in our rewards, while his correct contemporaries languish in limbo.

Thanks to Mr. Edison, the English we speak will be recorded and preserved, and so will probably be less strange to those who read it five centuries hence than Chaucer's English is to our ears. This is a matter for gratitude, but if the existence of the phonograph and the radio means that pronunciation and diction will become to any degree standardized, the outlook for poetry is correspondingly bad. The changes in pronunciation from Chaucer's time to Milton's, and again from Shakespeare's time to our own, had a definite effect upon prosody. The promise of further changes in pronunciation would be a matter for congratulation rather than for condolence as far as the poet is concerned. One takes refuge in the agreement of philologists that language refuses to stiffen into a mold, but remains fluid and shifting like life itself.

And it is not idle to say that the manner of our life will determine the future of poetry. Genius is no respecter of ages or of persons. It can appear—as the presence of Blake in the eighteenth century testifies—under the most adverse circumstances, and can build its tabernacle in the most unlikely souls. It is as unpredictable as it is unanalyzable. But although the whole history of English poetry vouchsafes but one Shakespeare, there are a sufficient number of magnificent poets who are not Shakespeares to warrant speculation as to how such others will fare in the years ahead. How they will fare depends in no small part upon the structure of society.

We have seen that local cultures help rather than hinder the development of art. Fifth century Athens, which could be set down like another little Italy or little Hungary in the midst of Greater New York and lost there, produced more durable and influential art than imperial Rome. If the American empire follows the Roman model, our poetry must fall upon evil days. If, as many alert observers believe, we may expect within a few decades a series of economic and social wars, we may await no happier result. And if, as a few more sanguine spirits hope, those wars or a less probable bloodless revolution should end in establishing a new order of society, based upon the idea of the world as a group of interdependent states rather than as a group of conflicting empires, we might definitely look for new things.

Where everyone had the aristocrat's freedom from worry about necessaries, including the necessity of impressing others with his own importance, the features of an aristocratic society might well become general. Personality would be valued for its own sake, and poetry as the expression of personality would be almost as much a matter of course as an individual style of wearing the hair. This does not imply that poetry would be a slight and delicate thing, exquisite and fragile as the ivories and the lyrics of the Japanese. On the contrary, men would be freer to consider the fundamentals of life than they are in this crowded, confused and chancy world of ours. They would have leisure for thinking about the universe, and about human fate, and being bound neither by the frivolous taboos of the rich nor the fretting harassments of the poor, they would not shrink from thought. Poetry would be fed by philosophy, and would in its turn nourish that vision without which the people perish. Wordsworth's ambition to set down in verse his view of Man, Nature and Society would cease to seem impossible of attainment, and might indeed become the task of every serious poet. Alongside the personal lyric that would be as common an accomplishment as a good game of tennis is nowadays and as poetry of that sort has always been in a cultivated community, there would flourish the "cosmic" poem that has fallen into neglect.

The rise of a major poetry, that is, poetry devoted to issues of more than private significance, may be expected long before the first faint premonitions of this remote millennium. Already there are signs that the mood of disillusion and despair which found its supreme expression in "The Waste Land" is beginning to yield to a more mature, if no less sober outlook. The case of man, born into a world which, if not hostile to him, is certainly not cherishing, man—groping toward an equilibrium

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that he is the first to endanger, being himself the center of unintelligible and conflicting forces, man —spurning the ant that is more purposeful than he, man—measuring the light of distant stars, but in himself mere wormseed—the case of man may well be desperate. But if this is true is it not all the more necessary to find some means of reconciling ourselves to the darkness in which we live and move and have our being, and, if we cannot, like Milton, justify the ways of God, can we not at least justify our own existence by courage and wisdom? The discovery of permanent values is as surely the task of the poet as of the philosopher, and one with which both now appear to be occupied.

Certainly the new philosophy of nature, with its emphasis on an organic, as opposed to a mechanistic approach to the universe, is grateful material to any poet who has not withdrawn completely into an ivory pent-house. The contemporary physicist is not alone in his impatience with the materialism that has been governing our thinking for some three centuries. Consider, as a case in point, William Butler Yeats. Yeats has evolved for himself a complicated "system" which is about as full of magic and mystery as a fog at sea is full of noises. But if one strips his work of this difficult and absurd apparatus, one finds at the core of it a preoccupation with the spirit, and a desire to declare the bond between the soul of man and *anima mundi*. Such an attitude is in direct contradiction to the older philosophy of science. In the work of Robinson Jeffers, a poet who is not drawn, like Yeats, into the tangle of theosophical thought, one finds even more distinctly a vision of the universe large enough to inform a long philosophical poem. It is, in the case of Jeffers, a terrifying vision, but, steadfastly confronted, it has the reconciling gift of all truth.

Jeffers' poetry, like that of Yeats, has the supreme value that Whitehead accords to religion. "Religion," writes this philosopher, "is the vision of something which stands beyond, behind, and within, the passing flux of immediate things; something which is real, and yet waiting to be realized; something which is a remote possibility, and yet the greatest of present facts; something that gives meaning to all that passes, and yet eludes apprehension; something whose possession is the final good, and yet is beyond all reach; something which is the ultimate ideal, and the hopeless quest." This passage, which occurs in a chapter purporting to make peace between religion and science, allows us to identify religion with the poetic approach to the world. The work of men like Yeats and Jeffers gives us precisely that: "a vision of something . . . which is real and yet waiting to be realized . . . something that gives meaning to all that passes, and yet eludes apprehension." It is not inconceivable that the poetry of the future should approximate this vision even more closely.

BABETTE DEUTSCH.

Texas Lights

I: Near and Far

ONE of the delights of Texas is the way in which things that are in their essence far away, that recede into the shadow of faint and different years, are close at hand in people and memories. What would be a thousand years back in some other country and three centuries in many of our own American states is still fresh in the minds of people here who experienced it. Time appears thereby to be telescoped, forgotten, denied. This freshness of the distant past has a strange vigor and fascination.

We have been sitting in the drawing-room talking of this. It is an upstairs room in the Venetian style, running from end to end of the house. At the two ends are screens of leaded glass to close the room and, beyond the glass, white columns. The walls are the color of old mirrors, and there is a great fawn-colored Chinese rug without patterns in it, there are cabinets of black and gold lacquer, a huge Venetian card table painted with flowers in the eighteenth century, a vitrine full of enameled boxes and Cape di Monte and Sèvres, and a long red etagère on the wall, painted Venetian red and set out with figurines from Bassano, some glass pieces from Crete and two morini in black and white and clear glass, Murano, antique. The best thing in the room is a large painting in its old frame, of the Mantuan school, a Triumph, sixteenth century, with all the complicated design of the northern painting and the severity that Mantegna carried to greatness and splendor. The pageant of men in their Renaissance Roman habits, their elegant, impossible leggings and greaves, their smart, vague helmets, their stride of lyrical emperors, their sharp banners that Piero della Francesca of all painters best designed; the triumphal cart with the victor on it perched so uncertainly in his chair; the beautiful stylized landscape above; all this leads the eye past the white columns to the white sky beyond, to the hill dotted with houses and red tiled roofs among the trees, the long curve of the Olmos dam, in the midst of the whirr and honking and tooting of automobile horns.

The old Virginia lady who came out to this country fifty years ago, as a young bride with her baby in her arms, has been looking about her here in this room and listening to the landscape out of doors, and telling us some of her memories of the early days. She came in the stage coach up from the south, from Galveston very likely, and speaks of the Indians as one speaks of the pains of childhood or the recollections of college days. She has been telling us too of one night on the way to San Antonio when the coach stopped at a wayside station, where the crowds of travellers from north, south, east, west, were waiting to go on next day. There was one bed in which women were sleeping, the men lay on the floor and the other women against their bales of luggage, scant though that was. She some way got a rocking-chair and sat there all night with her child in her arms, when, that is, she had eaten what she could of the beans and salt meat, which was all there was for supper. Later on in the night the woman who kept the place overheard her sighing for a bed for herself and the child, and was enraged—it was all

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too lucky to draw the rocking-chair for the night. Nearby the place was a supply store with a sign, "Everything, from a ranch to a rat-trap." There is no point to the story much, except for some one watching this quiet and elegant creature and thinking of her against the harsh days that she brings alive. But there is point in the way her hand rests on the arm of the sofa and her eye on the Chinese rug—time is a strange thing, the lines of her seem to say.

With us is another lovely lady, around forty perhaps, straight nose, delicate, clear mouth and white teeth, a Spanish brow which the straight Cordova style of her hat does nothing to impair. She tells me of her grandmother, who came out from Ireland and had a little stone house where she used to visit when she was a child. Her grandmother was a devout Catholic and set up a chapel in her parlor. Once a month a Franciscan brother came to say the mass and to hear confessions, and the Catholic neighbors from all around would gather. The Franciscan walked from town to town, forty miles on foot, as often as not, in this Texas sun.

The lady whose grandmother heard the Franciscan's prayers in that little parlor has had the diamonds from various pieces all put into one great marquise ring, in the style of Goya's epoch; it is entertaining, if a trifle exotic. She does not go to any church at all, unless it be to see the windows or the architect's design or to hear the Easter music, though she is a great reader of St. Augustine's pages on the City of God, and a devotee of Dostoievsky. She does not walk very far, as you may see by the new La Salle model at the gate, a long blue shape, with steel color smartly set here and there upon it.

The other lady who had a pious grandmother looks quite unlike these first two. A breezy and likable Queen Elizabeth she might be, with her red hair and wide smile and white skin. She speaks bluntly and is used to people's liking her, as I do and everybody in the room does now.

Her grandfather, she tells us, ran away from Oxford. He was a young man at the time and brought a young wife with him, but she has never been able to find out why he ran off as he did, or why at that particular time he chose Texas for his destination. At any rate, he came, and his wife, young and newly married as she may have been, and madly in love with him, for all we know, objected very much to coming out like that to a frontier country. She was persuaded to come, or was overpowered at last, however. But she consented only on condition that she might bring her coffin with her, coffin and candles, so that she might take no chance at being buried outside the benefits of her religion.

They came to New York and there shipped to another boat for Galveston, and from Galveston, those three hundred miles to their claim in the hills above the Pedernales River, in an ox cart. But her coffin came with her all the way, and when the house was built, was stored in the attic ready, the coffin and the candle.

The Indians were bad in that part of the country and they never knew just when there would be a raid. One of this woman's children was decoyed into the woods by Indians and never seen again. Not rarely they had to flee in the wagon down the road to the town of Austin for safety, or to some neighbor's house where several families might gather for defense. But no matter where they went the coffin went too. They packed it full of clothing or groceries and carried it along.

The first lady, with her shining old eyes, begins to tell of a gentleman that she remembers who joined them on their way up to San Antonio. He too had fought Indians, and later, when they were friends, he used to come and see her husband and tell them stories of his early days in Texas. A few years later, however, he met one morning on the Bandera road an enemy of his, some difficulty about cattle, and was insulted by this man. There was a fight in which her friend was shot through the breast. She tells us how, lying in the road, he recovered consciousness for a moment, lifted himself up on his elbow and shot dead his man, cursing him with his last breath. It was a splendid thing, and they gave him a fine tablet in the cathedral for it. How long ago that was! she says, sighing. She is afraid we have all grown much softer these days. Then she smiles sweetly, soft as old roses, however sharp-eyed, and turns to the coffin's granddaughter:

"I'm afraid I interrupted you, my dear; pray excuse me." "No, no, not at all," the lady replies. "I was only going to say that the coffin never did my grandmother much good. Precious little she got out of it, for in the end she was never buried at all; she was burned at the stake. The Indians burned her at the stake."

STARK YOUNG.

Fuller of Chicago

HENRY FULLER was an example of incongruity between habit and habitat. Personally he was quiet, withdrawn, sensitive, urbane; his environment was strident, assertive, harsh and blatant like the winds which torment it. Fuller was born in Chicago in 1857, on the eve of its first public appearance as the city of the convention which nominated Lincoln and brought on the Civil War. He came therefore to be one of the oldest residents of the city in which he was so anomalous a figure. His roots were in Chicago, and he never tore them up.

Fuller had the ordinary high school education of a Chicago boy, and went to work, I believe in a book-store. But his heart was in making books, not selling them, and in escaping from Chicago to Italy, the holy land of the romanticist. In 1890 he signalized this escape by "The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani," which he dedicated appropriately to Charles Eliot Norton. Then came "The Chatelaine of La Trinité" in 1892, and Fuller was launched most promisingly on the career of his choice. He realized, however, that the vein of exotic romance would soon pinch out, that a serious modern artist must be true to his environment. Whether he stayed in Chicago because he wanted to write about it, or wrote about it because after all he wanted to live there, I do not know, but at all events Chicago was his material. "The Cliff Dwellers" in 1893, the story of a youth's adventures in the canyons of the Loop, was followed two years later by "With the Procession," the best of Fuller's novels in con-

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struction and texture. The scene is laid in Chicago, but the theme which Henry James pursued so constantly of the contact of Americans with European civilization plays its part in the book. This theme is the unifying element in the group of stories "From the Other Side" (1898). "Under the Skylights" (1901) consists of three novelettes devoted entirely to the Chicago scene, with easily recognized portraits of leaders in the effort popularly attributed to Chicago "to make culture hum."

For that was the chief preoccupation of the city in the nineties. Its material success as the market and financial center of the Middle West had been established. The several magnates looked out complacently on their satrapies, which constituted parts of one invisible empire—Armour and Swift handled the livestock and shipped the meat of the country; McCormick and Deering provided farm machinery; Marshall Field held command of dry goods and Edson Keith of hats; Hibbard, Spencer and Bartlett dominated hardware; Franklin MacVeagh and the Sprague brothers, groceries; and everyone, coming or going, rode in Pullman's cars. Montgomery Ward had invented the mail order house, and Sears was beginning the spectacular career of Sears-Roebuck, by selling a parlor set for a dollar—it was doll's size, of course, but they couldn't get him because he always made good on his promise of "Money back if not satisfied." But Chicago had turned its mind to higher things. The Art Institute had been established. Theodore Thomas had been induced to bring his orchestra from New York. Mr. Rockefeller had been seduced into founding the University. The ladies had provided powerful machinery of culture in the Chicago Woman's Club and The Fortnightly. Their Culture Map of America showed respectable shading about the lower end of Lake Michigan. The Columbian Exposition was projected for 1893, and in preparation for its foreign visitors Mrs. Potter Palmer did over the guest room and brushed up her French.

It is a "pleasant exercise of hope and joy" to recall the days when the matriarchal poet, Mrs. Lydia A. Coonley, held salon in her great house on Division Street and the Drive, when Hamlin Garland was as striking a literary portent as Sherwood Anderson came to be, and Mary MacLane as Ernest Hemingway; when we did not envy Brooklyn her Beecher and her Talmadge for we had Gunsaulus, nor New York Charles Scribner's Sons, for we had Stone and Kimball. In this world Henry Fuller was a valuable consideration. "The Chevalier" and "The Chatelaine" told the world that Chicago had her entry in the Great American Novel sweepstakes, and was not afraid of Henry James. It was a little disappointing to Fuller's backers that he should choose the World's Fair year for dwelling on the sordid side in "The Cliff Dwellers," but after all, realism was the coming thing. "With the Procession" celebrated the efficient American virtues as against shiftless European vices, and received the encomium of Mr. Howells. Even more than Hamlin Garland, Henry Fuller was the coming man—and Garland had been imported from Wisconsin while Fuller was Chicago's own.

What happened to Fuller? Undoubtedly there was war in his members; he wanted to live and write as a European, and he knew that he must live and write as an American. Undoubtedly his material went sour on him. The spurious Chicago—with its little theaters, studio teas, artists' balls, with Hamlin Garland talking single tax, and Gunsaulus talking art, was not the stuff of which great fiction is made, and yet this was the world which Fuller knew. Small, slight, frail physically, he could not live in a workers' boarding house, or shoulder his way into a saloon at Whisky Point. He was interested in human relations, but those which he saw and in which he was himself implicated were pitifully unreal. In "Under the Skylights" one sees what a pathetic society it was, so terribly serious in the way of taking itself, so trivial, so pretentious, so self-approving. Henry Fuller was forced in self-respect to become a satirist.

Satire was not, I think, Fuller's natural mood, and in any case its indulgence was bad for him. More than this could be said in regard to indignation and hatred. He was not fitted for the role of Pope or Swift, yet it was forced upon him, to his suffering and undoing. It is difficult to recall the days when the Spanish War and its aftermath, the subjugation of the Philippines, were the causes which searched the hearts of men before the judgment seat. It was not then generally known that the war was avoidable by diplomacy, and necessary only to the political fortunes of Theodore Roosevelt and the Republican party; or that the conquest of the Philippines was opposed by the entire Cabinet until it was revealed to McKinley as the will of God, in the course of his tour through the West. Yet instinctively the conscience of the nation was aroused, that moral sense which is always lodged in a few tender-minded people. There was a group of them in Chicago. William Vaughn Moody wrote, in lines on "A Soldier Dead in the Philippines," of the bullet that

> went wide of its island mark
> Home to the heart of his darling land
> When she stumbled and sinned in the dark.

Fuller more persistently than any other sought to fulfil the moral function of the man of letters in a time of national crime. He may have thought of Lowell of the "Biglow Papers," of Zola of *"J'accuse,"* but I think such precedents were not needed. His own spirit bade him speak out.

"The New Flag" contains matter which no publisher would accept in 1899, and Fuller had it printed himself. Its text is from Abraham Lincoln: "What I do say is that no man is good enough to govern another man without that other man's consent." It opens with a direct address:

> "Who will haul down the flag!" McKinley says, and in the pose of a righteous defender of our glorious banner, glorious still in spite of him, he waits for Congress to make reply. More properly he should have said, Who has hauled down the flag, the American flag, and put up the Pirates' in its stead?
>
> "And if we were to answer the question rightly we should say, You have, William McKinley. You hauled down our flag when you hauled down our principles.
>
> . . . "It is a pirate's flag you are waving because you have embraced a pirate's principles—such as they are. And the sooner you haul it down the better for you."

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There follows a group of poems, some in the mood of "The Dunciad" and some in that of "The Masque of Anarchy." They are crude as verse and scurrilously vituperative in matter, incredible as the work of the fastidious Fuller, reflecting the distaste with which he dealt with the stuff at all, and measuring the indignation which compelled him. Now and then he uses the rapier. A professor of the university expressed the war mind by saying that it was a crime to think, on which Fuller comments:

> Professor Pudden Patum Small
> Says it's a crime to think at all—
> Which shows why Pudden Patum Small
> Of intellect imperial
> Is not what we exactly call
> A howling, tearing criminal.

Usually, however, it is the bludgeon:

> Platt, Croker, Elkins, Penrose, Quay,
> Devour with greed thy Imperial Hay.
> While now and then a startling bray
> Proclaims when Cabot Lodge feels gay.

Like recent wars the Philippine war had its atrocities. The press, of course, concealed them, but enough came through in soldiers' letters to let it be known that the war was a military joy ride, animated by the diversions of drinking whisky and shooting niggers. Of which Fuller has this to say:

> 'Tis Butcher Otis and his men,
> Fresh from the Philippine slaughter pen.
> Our Weyler who out-Weylers Weyler
> And viler, if there is a viler.
> Whose coward warfare naught respects
> Nor prisoners nor the female sex.

And like other wars the Philippine war had its scandals —its high-spirited business men who killed the soldiers with rotten meat instead of rotten airplanes.

> Ba, ba, Black Sheep, have you any pull
> Yes, sir! Yes, sir! Three bags full.
> With the beef trust and McKinley
> And Alger my chief
> But none with the soldier boys
> Who died of rotten beef.

Oddly enough, the Philippine war was not presented as a war to end war, or to make the world safe for democracy. The psychology of the country was simpler then. McKinley merely told the Methodists that after a night of prayer he had an answer from God bidding him hold on to the Philippines. Nevertheless the most appalling aspect of the affair was the complacency, of which McKinley was the perfect symbol, with which the country contemplated its national apostasy. Fuller uses as a heading for one of his verses a sentence from a daily paper: "The President went to church and joined in the singing," and continues:

> There amid the congregation
> Shaven smooth and gravely bland,
> With appropriate sanctimony
> See the blood-stained murderer stand.

I think it is perfectly clear what the Philippine war did to Fuller. In the first place his protest aroused the resentment of the community in which he was trying to live. This was bad for a man of Fuller's sensitive nature; but far worse was the effect of his mood upon himself. It is a destructive and consuming thing to feel, even in a righteous cause, as Fuller felt. Righteous wrath burned him out, as it burned out Zola. Between 1890 and 1900 Fuller had had a fruitful and promising literary career with seven or eight books to his credit. In the thirty years which followed "Under the Skylights," Fuller published only four books of a sporadic and miscellaneous nature. In 1917 appeared a series of biographical sketches in the Spoon River manner. In the next year "On the Stairs" was inspired by his memories of the Chicago of his boyhood, the days of the fire; and in 1919 "Bertram Cope's Year" appeared, as a very restrained study of a young instructor in a society which is recognizable as that of the University of Chicago. Fuller had a fondness for the academic world only second to his nostalgia for Europe. At least only thus can I explain his constant attendance at lectures of all sorts, at faculty teas, at student plays and operettas, even at dances where he was a passionate spectator. He took to criticism and established the book department of the Chicago Evening Post, which he, with such successors as Francis Hackett, Floyd Dell, George Cram Cook, and Llewellyn Jones, made the leading literary vehicle of the Middle West. Meanwhile he grew more gray, shy and furtively gentle in manner, gliding like an apparition into friendly places, and heard, like a Toccata of Galuppi, amid the clash of teacups and talk. Hamlin Garland founded a club in Chicago to take the place of The Players in New York, or The Tavern in Boston, but when, with robust good nature, he proposed to call it The Cliff Dwellers in compliment to Henry Fuller's first Chicago novel, Fuller promptly resigned.

Lately Fuller discovered New York, and spent some months a year for several years in that city. It was rather pathetic to note the conscientious way in which his habit of exploration and sightseeing, acquired when travel was an art to be practised seriously, asserted itself, and the eagerness with which he shared his finds. He suffered the usual fate in a place where everyone is busy and a little resentful of the leisure of the visitor. He grew more and more wraithlike, but he kept always his curiosity, his urbanity, his charm. Latterly, he was unable to make even the journey to New York, and he died as he had lived in Chicago. I fancy that I hear his voice pronouncing his own epitaph in the lines he gave to Polly Greene in "Long Lines and Short."

> Well, do you ask an end?
> Must every life have that?
> Consider the existences—so—many—
> Which drag and shuffle on,
> Rueful and frustrate——
> Here I leave you.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Mr. Borsodi's Way Out

SIR: Those of us interested in the trend of our changing civilization and the problems concurrent with its growth, have been invited, through a series of articles in The New Republic, to consider the proposition of the "Borsodi Plan" as one way out. Mr. Borsodi "advocates" going into the country, following his example and thereby dethroning industry's factory system, which he feels has produced an intolerably "ugly civilization."

We belong to those who encourage experimentation; who are on the look-out for Emerson's man who makes the better mouse-trap; who are quick to catch any hint toward better living; who pay tribute to a pioneer with courage to open new trails that can be used. Whatever of these traits lie in the Borsodi Plan, they are almost submerged by a mixture of hobbies and prejudices offered to the public as a concrete plan to revolutionize society.

For several years we have been residents in the same countryside where the Borsodis live. We also live on acreage with woods, having a vegetable garden, fruit trees, bees, chickens, cow, pony, two dogs, a pup, two rabbits at present, and the necessary minimum of tools and machinery. My able married partner and myself are not only interested, but we feel we are experienced. So are hundreds of nearby residents. So are millions of people who live rurally, in and around the small towns of America. I can hear them say—what is there in the main to the Borsodi Plan that we have not worked out for years progressively, according to our means, opportunity and judgment. Certainly saving money is nothing new. Have we not all saved money by living rurally? Is it reasonable to suppose that a single, inexperienced, city-bred man can come into our midst in the country and discover a plan for economic independence which our thrift and experience could not discover?

Perhaps it is more like it that the Borsodis, having children and liking the open country, did as thousands of sensible city parents have done—moved to the country to give their young children a better chance, spiritually, physically and educationally. Then, on doing that, they found a certain release of spirit for themselves and a new hobby. They began loading up with all kinds of tools and machinery which they never had a chance to play with before. But who of us does not add to our equipment electric pump, vacuum cleaner, washer, cream separator, and so on as we can afford and can profitably use? Unless we are in real estate development, building houses to rent and having a hired man on the place as Mr. Borsodi does, the adding of drilling machines and a tractor at about $200 a year depreciation, is just extravagant overhead. He also recommends grinding our own flour, weaving our own cloth, making our own garments, which virtually turns our homes into small scale factories with machinery buzzing all around. Who wants to be thrown back into the eighteenth century, anyway? Is the twentieth century all wrong?

Rural folk with experience may find it difficult to fathom how Mr. Borsodi after earning a salary in the city and then coming home to do some of the farm work could do such fine-spun cost accounting, showing to the dot the exact number of days required to earn food, earn clothes, earn shelter, etc., and then figure out how many days the Borsodi Plan can save us. He goes on, for example, to say; "We now come to the possibilities of economy in the eighty-four days we devote at present to earning money for sundries and savings. A net saving is possible on soaps, cleaners, floor-wax, furniture polish, medicines, germicides, cosmetics, baking powders, beverages of all kinds—and the other innumerable things we can make for ourselves." "Oh, Mr. Captain, stop the ship, I want to get off and walk!"

Let competent, unbiased women testify. My own able partner's life nearly flickered out, partly due to home production overwork on our modest farm on which she and I live. The Borsodi Plan has piled up so many units of home production—animal, vegetable and mechanical—that it is impracticable creatively to synthesize them today into a quiet comfortable home-life, with leisure. When the Borsodis contend they have, yes, maybe—but much the same as the hot-house forcing of a big, yellow chrysanthemum which we all admire at a flower show. If the total Borsodi Plan were carried out, it would mean oveworked wives and "child labor."

How many women, city or country bred, want to milk goats? Not one-tenth of 1 percent. How many city men want their wives to go out to the chopping block to slit a chicken or to chop its head off, to scald and pick off the feathers, and then come into the kitchen and with their hands, pull out the gizzards? Not one-tenth of 1 per cent. How many men would regard wood chopping and hoeing the garden preferable to play as Mr. Borsodi does? Not one-tenth of 1 percent. How many men after commuting thirty miles into and back from the city want to do farm work and chores when they get home? Not one-tenth of 1 percent. To whom then does the Borsodi Plan apply? Who are the select few that with this plan are going to dethrone America's factory system? One would think that it took organization, at least numbers, to do that. But Mr. Borsodi is opposed to organization.

The first step in orderly thinking is consistency. Mr. Borsodi says he wants to domesticate the machine. At the same time he advocates wiping out the factory system that manufactures machines. Witness a man who commutes on a factory-made railroad system, rides home in a factory-made automobile, where he operates his factory-made tractor, tools and household electrical machinery with factory-made power and writes so pleasingly about it all with his factory-made typewriter, returning again to the city to draw a salary from a factory that produces publications, and then offers a plan to wipe out the factory system. Personally, I am no lover of the factory system, but I do recognize its strength.

If the premise to Mr. Borsodi's argument, namely his concrete proposition of home production, is incapable of wide enough application, then his argument for domesticating machinery as a means of dethroning industrial America's factory system falls in a heap. It seems that he attributes most of the ills of society to the factory system, although as Stuart Chase points out only 5 percent of our population is directly employed by the factory system. Those who can only see the hole in the doughnut and nothing more are the prophets of despair.

The Borsodi Plan lays itself open to the charge of overstatement. As "advocate" and salesman, Mr. Borsodi has offered to the public his "Model A." He says it will work according to specifications as he has drawn them, many will benefit by it, in fact society will. If as much as 5 percent of the advertising in The Saturday Evening Post overstated its products as Mr. Borsodi has done on behalf of his plan, one big howl would go up over the country and the "commercial Bible" would go into oblivion. Mr. Borsodi is on record as being just as much opposed to salesmanship and advertising as he is to the factory system. Yet he himself is doing his best to sell his ideas and plan through a publisher to the public, and quite properly he will collect a royalty-commission on his sales. And in all probability the buyers will not have dogs for the purpose Mr. Borsodi says he has his—"to keep out the salesmen."

Of the Borsodi Plan it can be said that its theories, its prejudices, its extremes are interesting largely because they are a challenge to practical intelligence. To me, not without farm, labor and factory experience, the plan is far from convincing. Describing an interesting home experiment and expressing opinions authoritatively on many subjects is one thing. But lining up to battle the organized economic forces of industry is quite another matter. Even when David went forth alone to slay the giant Goliath, he selected a hard, smooth stone, and not a puff of cotton.

CARL BECK.

Suffern, N. Y.

[The New Republic is planning to print in the near future an article by Mr. Borsodi in which these and other criticisms and comments on his proposal will be dealt with.—THE EDITORS.]

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Mr. Calhoun and Brookwood

SIR: Brookwood likes to quibble about my elimination. I was not "discharged" or "dismissed" or "expelled," it would seem. Now words are not important. The fact is that I was cut off from the Brookwood staff and from the Brookwood corporation on an issue in which half of the Brookwood student body agreed with me, and likewise a large fraction of the alumni—the issue being our opposition to the identification of Brookwood with the so-called "Progressive" movement.

The point is that the Brookwood administration was unwilling to have the minority viewpoint effectively represented in the institution. Most of the dissenting students are gone, and it can be taken for granted that efforts will be made to replace them with good "Progressives."

Mr. Muste gives me credit for enormous power when he says that my mere presence would make Brookwood in some sense a "Communist-dominated" institution (and that in spite of the fact that everyone concerned knows that I am very far from being "Communist-dominated" myself!) But the real point is that Brookwood decided to become a nursery of "Progressives," and a variant influence was annoying. If Mr. Muste is telling the truth when he says that Brookwood is the same as ever, it can only be that the fuss raised in my case has deterred the institution from carrying out its newly-expressed purpose to select students with reference to their hospitality to the new "Progressive" gospel and to pick teachers on the basis of their enthusiasm for the same.

Katonah, N. Y. ARTHUR W. CALHOUN.

Miss West Replies

SIR: I must avow I am extremely puzzled by a letter that appears in your issue of July 17, signed Gertrude W. Page, which attacks an article I wrote for you some time ago on Dean Inge's "Labels and Libels." She has permitted herself an impossible sentence when she writes: "Now, I ask you, would anyone gather from her diatribe what the book itself is about? I doubt if she has more than fluttered a few pages." In making that statement, Miss Page has insulted me as much as if she had accused me directly of theft and libel. To review a book without reading it is to libel the author and to thieve from the editor who pays one. I have never in the course of my whole career reviewed a book which I have not read from cover to cover. If I could not read it I sent it back to the paper that had sen it to me. I have, by the way, read every word that Dean Inge has ever published in book form, including his "Philosophy of Plotinus" and his theological works. It is true that I omitted to write a précis of the individual articles that compose "Labels and Libels," as it seems obvious that the readers of The New Republic have passed beyond the stage that requires that elementary kind of criticism, and are capable of appreciating a discussion of the whole intellectual attitude of a writer.

When people make attacks on others they usually wander into attacking them for the vices that are their own; and since Miss Page has accused me of flagrant dishonesty, on evidence that would not satisfy an earthworm, I am not surprised to find her controverting my account of Dean Inge's attitudes by dragging out of their context isolated sentences which seem to contradict these, but which she must know are utterly unrepresentative. I challenge any unbiased person to read Dean Inge's works and not find masses of frank avowals that he considers certain races (notably the Americans) to be far below other races and certain classes to be inferior to others. It is amusing that Miss Page should write: "Again, she says that the Dean sneers at the L. C. C. school." How did she miss his words on page 127, where he refers approvingly to "The new County Council Schools, which are often presided over by an Oxford or a Cambridge scholar, who teaches his boys to love their school." I did not miss these words; but as anybody knows, who knows anything about the English educational system, they are a sneer at the L. C. C. schools. The mass of County Council teachers are not Oxford and Cambridge men, but have come from the training colleges; and the sentence flicks them on the raw. As for the sentence "Further when she speaks of Dean Inge's Ku Klux Klan attack on Roman Catholicism, one can only charitably suppose that she is totally unacquainted with Ku Klux Klan technique;" I can only say that there is such a thing as being too pert about serious subjects. Miss Page knows perfectly well that I do not mean that Dean Inge goes forth in a white sheet to maul Roman Catholics. Action is not his line. He belongs to the contemplative type of non-saint. But the mass of English people feel, though finding themselves out of sympathy with the tenets of Roman Catholicism, determined that Roman Catholics shall have the fullest liberty to practise their religion, and that religious discussion shall be carried on in a decorous manner. Miss Page may think that the flaunts and jeers against Roman Catholics that constantly disfigure Dean Inge's books and contributions to the press are not at variance with this ideal. But I can assure you she will find that most educated English people feel that they mark just such a regression from the ordinary standards of our national life as most educated American people feel that the Ku Klux Klan marks from the ordinary standards of their national life. Because of this, and because of the poor intellectual content of Dean Inge's attacks on Roman Catholicism, I was fully justified in the phrase I used.

London. REBECCA WEST.

Another Southern Strike

SIR: The strike at Marion, N. C., ought to interest your readers. Seven hundred men and women on July 11 left their places in a cotton mill when R. W. Baldwin, president of the Marion Manufacturing Company who has boasted throughout the country of his "garden" mill-village, refused to decrease their hours from twelve hours and twenty minutes to ten hours a day; and refused to reinstate twenty-two workers, fired for joining the United Textile Workers of America.

I am happy to say that the leadership of the strike has been of high caliber. Alfred Hoffman, graduate of Brookwood Labor College, and active in the early stages of the Elizabethton strike, has been an intelligent leader; Tom Tippett has been working and talking untiringly; A. J. Muste, Dean of Brookwood, delivered a series of talks to the strikers; and William Ross of Baltimore Labor College has started regular workers' classes.

The men and women of Marion are devoted, self-sacrificing, and spite of injunctions, their picket line is as strong as steel. They are fighting in this strike for modest demands and they are determined to get them. In the meantime, they, and fifteen hundred dependents, the sick, the young and the old, must be fed.

The Emergency Committee for Strikers' Relief, Norman Thomas, chairman, has been the great sustaining force. We hope that your readers will send what they can to the new office of the committee at 112 East Nineteenth Street, New York City.

New York City. JACK HERLING.

Contra "Lady Chatterley's Lover"

SIR: It is disconcerting to find that one belongs in the depressing category of narrow-minded people. But one must try to face facts bravely, without a wistful quiver of the lip. One may even permit oneself a little defiance, on occasion. For the same reason that the worm turns, I should like to sing praises of bigotry.

In your issue of August 7, there is an editorial called "Lady Chatterley's Defender." It is a dignified bravo for D. H. Lawrence and his "important and serious piece of work"—"Lady Chatterley's Lover." The opening sentence of the editorial states that "orthodox" opinion finds "Lady Chatterley's Lover" an "out-and-out piece of obscene pornography." Later we are told that no open-minded person, after mature reflection, could permit himself such a reaction. One wonders, mildly, whether there is not some middle path between the perfervid indignation of the "orthodox," and the solemn admiration of the "open-minded." Is there not, for instance, room for delicate and well civilized disgust —the casual tribute usually paid to bad taste, whether D. H. Lawrence's or any one's else?

The author himself says of "Lady Chatterley's Lover": " . . . This is the real point of this book. I want men and women to

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be able to think sex, fully, completely, honestly and cleanly." It is a worthy, evangelical motive. It is to be lauded. But has D. H. Lawrence accomplished this upright end? Do we learn to think sex "fully, completely, honestly and cleanly" from watching the gyrations of two such overheated, turgid souls as Constance Chatterley and her strong, silent, lover? It is doubtful whether that "tormented tangle"—a young boy or a young girl—would be considerably enlightened by D. H. Lawrence's book. They might draw erroneous conclusions. They might, conceivably, think that sex was the monomania of the elect; that a sense of balance was not an essential to sane, mature, living; that humor—such necessary yeast—was obsolete in an unleavened world. Or they might join the ranks of the narrow-minded and say that "Lady Chatterley's Lover" was a lop-sided work, a moral without a point, a picture without a frame.

No one will deny the swiftness and strength of Lawrence's style. On the other hand, a few bigots might congregate together and carp at his "naughty words." (There is something sweet and childlike in Lawrence's own phrase.) Lawrence makes swells, gamekeepers and litterateurs converse in words that a hardened stevedore might blush to use in the privacy of his boudoir. (That, at least is my unilluminated opinion.) The editor of The New Republic has said that, "Whatever we think of his accomplishment, we must allow his stated intentions the respect we pay to honest words everywhere." I have already signified my suspicion of Lawrence's accomplishment, though his intentions seem well meaning enough; I should now like to ask impertinently, *do* we pay respect to honest words everywhere? I think not. We are not apt to stand, our faces lighted by admiring respect, listening to a Salvation Army worker, sincerely and honestly exhorting passers-by to come to Jesus. More likely we sniff, and move on. In the same way (and this is more analogous to Lawrence's "naughty words") in case we chance to hear a truck driver abusing a fellow truck driver in the fine, round anglo-saxonisms such worthies are wont to use, do we doff our hats—we seekers after Truth—to these "honest words?" We do not. If such words are forced in upon our consciousness we think that the speakers are noisy and foul-mouthed; or we snicker, with contemptuous amusement. Why then should we enjoy—or at least, respect—similar language scattered through the pages of D. H. Lawrence's novel? And, if one may ask such an archaic question, what beauty is there in it? And if not beauty, what pleasure or profit? After all, we didn't buy "Lady Chatterley's Lover" in order to get inside information on gutter jargon. We want "to be able to think sex, fully, completely, honestly and cleanly"! If Lawrence's book is our only text, my personal belief is that frustration awaits our candid longing for self-improvement.

New York City. MARTHA GELLHORN.

A Rebuke for Mr. Young

SIR: There are some proverbs that hold good, but the saying that you cannot fool the public *all* the time is fallacious in the extreme. The article in The New Republic of July 31, entitled "An American Pope," rather goes to prove my belief. Mr. Young tells us that "one of the frequent objections to the League of Nations in the minds of many Americans, is the notion that the whole institution camouflages a campaign for the restoration of Papal supremacy, those who hold this strange delusion are quite prepared to document it." Save the mark! The total absence of interest in the League by Catholic laity and their activity, alas! proves the contrary. To quote Mr. Young again: "The success of prohibition in America is explained by the Puritan origin of its society, just as the resistance to it is exemplified in the Roman Catholic reaction." I wonder if Mr. Young ever heard of that great pioneer of prohibition, the great temperance advocate, Father Matthew, and I would like to point out that today there is a large society of Catholics favoring prohibition, with a following of clergy and laity. As a Catholic I deplore the fact that the number is not larger, but I rejoice in the knowledge that distinguished prelates like Father Eliot Ross of the Paulist order, preach the gospel of obeying the law many days in the year.

Tuxedo, N. Y. ALICE WARREN.

Suggestions for the Crime Commission

SIR: While the Commissions appointed by President Hoover are holding their sessions to consider the crime problem now confronting the United States, it would certainly be fitting for the liberal press of the country to present a few facts which the crime commissions are very likely to ignore.

In the first place, one cannot help thinking that if the President, before directly attacking the crime problem, had set up commissions for supporting the legal and constitutional rights of the great mass of the people, he might have secured more support for the solving of the other problem about which he is more concerned .For with the entry of the United States into the great world conflict in 1917, the legal and constitutional rights of the inhabitants of this country have been persistently trampled under foot, and the repressive legislation enacted during the period of the war hysteria has never been repealed but remains upon the statute books for the purpose of curbing every liberal and popular movement.

There are laws against strikes in many industries; against peaceful picketing in many localities, against handing out literature on the streets; there have been "red raids" in which people have been jailed *en masse,* until today we are confronted with the possibility of being shot down even in our very homes, as well as on the roads and public highways, on the mere supposition that we may have "booze" in our possession. I am not a wet, and I do not indulge in, or handle "booze," or any alcoholic drinks, in any shape, manner or form, but if prohibition means such high-handedness on the part of public officials as we have recently witnessed, I, for one, think it is about time to discard the Volstead Act. The President, however, seems to think that there is considerable excuse for the prohibition officers if they do kill an innocent person now and then, just as some other people seem to think there was some excuse for Governor Fuller of Massachusetts even if he did refuse to pardon two innocent men.

However, if the United States has more crime in proportion to population than the countries of western Europe, it is to some extent a reaction against the lawlessness of the officials charged with enforcing the law. The United States is no longer a free country, but a brutal and tyrannical one. From the very beginning of our history, the public has permitted the most brutal oppression of the Indian, and of the Negroes, as well as of many foreign-born groups, until today, brutal treatment of the industrial workers is becoming, not the exception, but the rule. Fifteen strikers in the textile mills of Gastonia, being evicted from their homes by the textile barons, were charged with vagrancy and sentenced to be given thirty-five lashes, and, according to reports, this monstrous and brutal sentence was carried out.

There is also entirely too much complacency in regard to American standards of living; the most favorable conditions being supposed to be general for the whole country. But living standards in the mill towns of the South are below the standards enjoyed by the west European workers, and besides industrial feudalism does not prevail in the cities and towns of western Europe. I doubt if in any other so-called civilized country a man and his family can be turned out in the snow and rain and cold simply because the head of the family happens to be on strike.

Let us consider another fact. There is no country in the world where there is so much machinery; there is no country with such an equipment for producing commodities—and with all this there is no country where the workers are so mercilessly rushed, driven and speeded-up as they are in the United States. In the basic industries the hours are eight, nine and even twelve hours a day; and every effort is made to compel every man to meet the pace of the fastest and strongest worker. The United States also boasts of the millions which it spends in fighting disease; the generosity of this or that capitalist who makes a donation to a hospital or laboratory is lauded to the skies; and at the same time the United States permits hundreds of thousands of its people—perhaps millions even—to be needlessly made sick and invalided by the speed-up system, instituted by these same capitalists who do so much for medicine. What is the use of fighting disease and sickness on one hand, when on the other hand you permit the great industrialists to produce disease needlessly by the inhuman speed-up?

San Francisco, Calif. CORA J. READ.

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The Ascent of Humanity

The Ascent of Humanity, by Gerald Heard. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 332 pages. $3.

THIS is a revolutionary book. While radicals will attack it for vagueness and denial of issues, and reactionaries will carp at the hopeless unpracticality of its logic, the revolutionary implications of its thesis will still remain as a challenge to the intellectuals of our day. Challenge is the one word that best describes it. Although Mr. Heard has set out in "The Ascent of Humanity" to write a new philosophy of history, what he has actually achieved is a decisive challenge to our civilization.

> One thing is certain: the present state of affairs cannot be continued, not for a generation, not for a decade. The choice is before the individual: What will he do? . . . Can individuality itself evolve and make, with a new direct sense of social communion, a society which can really be worthy of all service and so embrace humanity and the world? . . . An advance out of individuality is our only chance, otherwise we crash.

Such is the challenge that Mr. Heard addresses to our intellectuals. In these words he describes the impending catastrophe that confronts our civilization, and indicates the only way to escape it. Our age, he contends, is one of quick and sweeping change, and its "characteristic symptom is revolution." The recognition of this fact is an intellectual necessity. Those who deny it are reactionaries in the deepest sense of the word, and arrogate to themselves as individuals a significance beyond that of all humanity. They do not see that, all along, the "danger which faced the modern world was not feeling but the lack of it, not socialism and sentiment but individuality and egotism."

While Mr. Heard's book does not reveal the lucidity of logic that is to be found in F. Flinders Petrie's "Revolutions of Civilization," or Robert Briffault's "Making of Humanity," it raises certain issues that those authors—and in fact almost all authors—fail to touch. Mr. Heard has endeavored to show that man in his social evolution has passed through several stages: the pre-individual, the proto-individual, the pioneer individual, and finally the pure individual. At the present time he is in a transition stage in which he is striving to attain a super-individual stage, in which the individualism that has intensified in recent centuries will become socialized by the historic process. It is the author's stress upon this entire issue of individualism, and his extraordinarily interesting and intelligent interpretation of the part it has played in historical evolution, that makes his study unique and original. In credit to Mr. Briffault, nevertheless, it should be said here that in his monumental study "The Mothers," he dealt with this individuality thesis in some detail. However, Mr. Heard considers it in its more philosophic aspects. The first part of his book is devoted to showing the total lack of individuality in early primitive societies. In certain tribes, for instance, we know today, there is not a single word to stand for "I," or the individual as separated from the group. This was the condition of primitive life in general. War was naturally an anomaly among these pre-Neolithic groups. The absence of property eliminated its necessity. The social group was stable because unindividualized. It is the emergence of individuality that causes the rupture with this old form. Property enters, war starts, and society loses its old stability. With this revolution in human life, history begins. A state of individual consciousness creeps into the mind of man, and his former security is lost. For the first time now man becomes aware of loneliness and death. It is at this time that religion is born, in order to encompass this fear of individual death. Where before, as Freud also indicated, man was concerned with sex, he now becomes obsessed with death. The history of religion is the history of this fear, and its exploitation. The realization of this fear "is the surest sign that man has become an individual." While with each new emergence of individuality the psychological evolution of man advances, this fear, Mr. Heard points out, has not disappeared, and will not disappear until man reaches the super-individual stage where he will realize that his own individual self must be subordinated to a greater social self, and that "an eternal individual is a contradiction not only in values but in terms." This super-individual status man can only attain by "an unindividualized understanding" of the universe. To realize this is to appreciate the significant fact that individuality is not the end of human evolution, but merely a stage in its process.

To be sure, Mr. Heard has elaborated his thesis in detail too abundant to discuss in a review. His super-individualist conception alone deserves extended consideration and criticism. His contention that individuality "is now passing into another category of consciousness" is not very cogently defended. While Einstein's relativity principle and revolutionary ideas of space and Bohr's quantum theory do give promise of "an unindividualized understanding" in abstract thought, there is little in contemporary civilization to lead one to believe that such an understanding has swept over, or will sweep over, into the concrete behavior of life. Even the fact that Dr. Hubble, with his Mount Wilson instrument, has been able to point out the path where "space reënters itself," is not very convincing proof that the individual ego has begun to surrender to a super-individual conception, where its own intensity of focus is destroyed. And his final evidence, derived from the studies that have been made in psychical research, that the individual psyche in death will see that "by discarding itself, it will find open to it the power and consciousness of all" is the weakest claim in his logic. As Mr. Heard himself admits with regret, the leading spirits engaged in the study of psychical research today are concerned above all with the matter of individual survival. The likelihood that the recent advances of science will shift this interest, and destroy man's concern with personal survival, is more than a little dubious. In fact, the individuality of the ego has become so deeply rooted in us, through our culture, that even an ideal communal society will find that it will take considerable time before all the individualisms of its members can be whipped into social forms.

Despite these criticisms of Mr. Heard's arguments about the super-individual's coming of age, which seem to have more of an element of wish-fulfillment about them than of logic, his general consideration of individualism through the ages is illuminating and suggestive. Civilizations explode, he maintains, because individuality increases beyond the capacity of society to absorb it. That is the condition of western civilization today. Chinese civilization has been the most lasting in the world because of the restraints that it has always placed upon individuality. Even its most cultured leaders always found—at least until the present period, with the struggle against western imperialism—their highest achievement in a social rather than an

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individual ideal. We must learn to acquire this moderation of individuality through the development of a higher state of consciousness. This acquisition Mr. Heard sees as a psychological advance, and it is here that another link of his argument is severed. In the modern world, he asserts, we have had three revolutions, religious, political, and economic, and are at the threshold of the fourth, the psychological. Now while there is a plausibility to this thesis, the author forgets that you cannot have this psychological revolution until you have first had the economic one. His assertion that we must shift our emphasis from economic to psychological processes today is dangerously fallacious. It is as destructive of his ideal as of his theory. If we allow the economic conflict of imperialisms today to go unchallenged because of our interest in psychological transformation, we shall soon find our psychological theories shattered with the rest of civilization. It is the economic basis of the mad rush toward war today, instanced on every side by the increased arming of nations and their greedy struggle for world-markets, that must first be changed and controlled if a psychological super-consciousness, or social consciousness, is ever to be achieved.

While there are numerous other criticisms that could be lodged against Mr. Heard's theory of history and social change, especially against the mystical aspects of his spiral theory of historical evolution, one cannot but praise the general character of his study. "The Ascent of Humanity" is one of the most striking and provocative books of our decade. As suggestive as Spengler, Mr. Heard is less majestic but on the whole, more profound.

V. F. CALVERTON.

Job Control

A Theory of the Labor Movement, by Selig Perlman. New York: The Macmillan Company. 321 pages. $2.25.

IN THIS brilliant book, Professor Perlman seeks to explain and to vindicate the policy of the American trade unions in making job control through collective bargaining their supreme goal instead of the socialization of industry through industrial unionism and political action. The manual workers, Perlman declares, feel that they live in a world of scarcity where there are more men than jobs. They therefore try to ration these opportunities for work among their members and to prevent the surplus of men from being used by the employers to establish an iron discipline and to depress their working conditions. If the workers, through their system of working rules, can therefore control the employment opportunities, as the Typographical Union has notably been able to do, they are quite content to leave the actual direction and ownership of industry in the hands of the employers.

The intellectuals, Perlman believes, do a disservice to labor in conceiving of it as "an abstract mass in the grip of an abstract force," whereas it is in reality composed of highly pragmatic groups, seeking immediate ends. Perlman believes that the intellectuals, because of this ideological delusion, are destined still further to lose their influence in the labor movement. In perspicacious chapters on the German and British movements, he shows how the trade unions in the former country have shaken themselves loose from the domination of the Socialist intellectuals, and he predicts that if the British Labor party is to obtain practical benefits for its people, it must exalt the trade-union leaders rather than the middle-class careerists who have swarmed into its ranks.

But for all of Professor Perlman's supple advocacy of the Gompers-Woll philosophy, he seems at times to be aware that all is not at ease on his Mount Zion. Thus he characterizes the present attitude of the leaders in the face of their almost complete failure to organize the basic industries as a "curious blending of defeatism and complacency," but he does not seem to realize that these industries cannot be unionized as long as a score or so of unions with their separate craft interests claim jurisdiction over the employees of a given automobile or steel company. Industrial unionism and a recognition by these workers of their class, as distinguished from their craft, interests are needed both to secure united action and adequate organizing funds. These may still seem in Perlman's mind to be ideological delusions, but they are necessary if defeatism and complacency are to be replaced by the will to organize.

Mr. Perlman, moreover, ignores the fact that control over shop rules will not protect the worker against the industrial hazards of accidents, ill-health, unemployment and old age, and that in a world of changing technology, social insurance is needed to supplement union regulations. Trade-union action by itself alone cannot bring to the workers the opportunities which will come through a greater equalization of incomes resulting from the progressive taxation of the various economic surpluses. Nor can trade-unionism as such benefit the workers as consumers, nor do away with the danger of war. Laborers are necessarily concerned with all of these relationships, and it is only a romantic belief in the fundamental irrationality of man which leads anyone to believe that the rank and file will ultimately be as indifferent to them as Mr. Perlman seems to believe. And yet to obtain these benefits, political action with some experimentation in collectivism will be essential.

Mr. Perlman's lively reaction against vague ideology has therefore prevented him from being sufficiently realistic. Despite these astigmatisms, however, his book, with its wealth of scholarship and its sharp, if incomplete, penetration, is a notable contribution to the literature of the labor problem.

PAUL H. DOUGLAS.

What the Sciences Have in Common

From the Physical to the Social Sciences: Introduction to a Study of Economic and Ethical Theory, by Jacques Rueff. Translated by Herman Green, with an introduction by Herman Oliphant and Abram Hewitt. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. 159 pages. $2.

IN THE Introduction, which is happily so written that educated laymen can easily read it understandingly, Professors Oliphant and Hewitt maintain the striking thesis "that there is now no such thing as a science of law unless one is willing grossly to abuse the word science." They do this by showing convincingly that in dealing with the innumerable variety of cases not covered by statute or by precedent, lawyers, judges and legal scholars habitually employ one or another of certain medieval methods which men disciplined in the ways of science just as habitually shun as worse than worthless, because misleading.

Following that introduction by two forward-looking

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legal philosophers we have Mr. Green's admirable translation of M. Rueff's "Des Sciences Physiques aux Sciences Morales." Having read it three times, once in the original and twice in translation, I have genuine pleasure in signalizing it as a beautiful work of great importance. It is beautiful and important because, in a style notable for neatness, clarity, penetration and wit, it answers and answers rightly a question that, especially in these days, must have challenged the curiosity of every magnanimous student. The question is: What, if any, are the cardinal respects in which all the various sciences are identical?

The answer is that all of the sciences, whether physical or moral, whether physics or ethics or astronomy or biology or psychology or economics or any other, however much they may differ in content or in special methods employed, are nevertheless exactly alike in two essential respects: genesis and ideal form. They are identical in genesis in that they all of them naturally grow, as a part of human life, out of human experience in and of the world.

In respect of form every science has two branches, an empirical branch and what Rueff calls a rational branch. The empirical branch of any science consists of laws discovered empirically, that is, by living, by observation, memory, comparison, experiment, experience. The laws owe their existence to the man-made propositions stating them and have no existence apart from such articulate expression.

But a mere series or ensemble of empirically established laws, or propositions, though it gratifies, yet fails to satisfy, the human mind. It is a fundamental craving of the human understanding to view such laws as logical consequences of a set of principles. That fundamental craving leads to the steps by which the "rational" branch of any given science is, or may be, established. The steps are two. One of them is to invent a set of principles (or axioms or assumptions or postulates) such that they logically imply the propositions of the empirical branch. The other step consists in actually deducing, by "the logical machine," the already known laws from the chosen postulates.

The rational branch of a science renders a three-fold service: it responds, as said, to a basic need of the human mind; it affords esthetic pleasure like a work of art; and it promotes the advancement of the empirical branch, for it is always found that the postulates of a rational branch imply not merely the known propositions of the corresponding empirical branch, but many additional propositions. These require to be tested empirically. If they stand the test, well and good; if not, the postulates must be modified or perhaps abandoned for others; in either case, there results an increase of empirical knowledge.

Postulates chosen as above indicated are regarded by Rueff as the "causes" of their implicates. Probably it will seem to many, as it seems to me, that such use of the term "cause" is unfortunate. Are the postulates, or axioms, of a geometry to be rightly regarded as the *cause* of the theorems deduced from them? Fortunately it is not necessary to agree with the author in his doctrine of causality in order to appreciate the great beauty and importance of his main thesis, which is undoubtedly sound and which he has illustrated so copiously in connection with numerous sciences, including physics, geometry, ethics and economics, that no attentive reader can fail to understand it. The appeal of the work is general; of its seventeen chapters there is only one which none but mathematicians can read.

In closing this too brief review, it seems fair to make one reservation regarding the merits of Rueff's brilliant contribution to the philosophy of science and mathematics. He has indeed seen and stressed the fact that the deducibility of propositions from a set of postulates, or hypotheses, depends only upon the forms of these and not at all upon their content, or subject-matter. But he seems not to have advanced to the point of perceiving that, as I have tried to make clear in "The Pastures of Wonder," sheer mathematics is entirely composed of such purely formal hypothetical propositions and that science aims at the establishment, not of such matterless hypotheticals, but of categorical propositions having content, or subject-matter, as well as form. Science is concerned with the *actual* world; mathematics, with the world of the *possible*.

CASSIUS J. KEYSER.

The Carriage Trade

Pomp and Circumstance, by the ex-Duchesse de Clermont-Tonnerre (E. de Gramont). Translated by Brian W. Downs. Introduction by Louis Bromfield. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. 355 pages. $3.

LYING between the Boulevard Saint-Germain and the Ecole Militaire is a congeries of streets known as the Faubourg Saint-Germain. About the steeples of Sainte-Clotilde are grouped the houses, still charmingly *entre cour et jardin*, of such aristocracy of the blood as remains in France. In the main it is a feckless, aimless, inept aristocracy, participating almost not at all in the life of the country, producing no governing class, and serving at best as a recruiting ground for cavalry officers and diplomatists of what is called vaguely "the old school." The people of France ignore its existence, except as it owns properties here and there, and turns up for the shooting season. Its prestige is nil, if only for the reason that the popular French press does not carry "society pages"—the only section of a newspaper in which these names might conceivably appear. The few great families in industry—the Vogüés in glass and chemicals and the Polignacs in wine, for example—are altogether unrepresentative of their class.

What brought the former Duchesse de Clermont-Tonnerre to the point from which she could look critically upon her kind and turn her hand to writing does not appear in this volume—the first, I believe, of two or three. She wrote, some years ago, an agreeable little book about those who received her in America—which might perhaps have been done almost as readily from Deauville as from Long Island or the North Shore. In 1926 she gave us a bright, slight volume of reminiscences of Proust and Montesquiou, which she preferred to entitle "Montesquiou and Proust." If I add that she has the reputation of a mischievous, not to say cruel, wit, I shall have said everything of importance omitted by Mr. Bromfield from his astonishing introduction.

When I say that Madame de Gramont looks critically upon her kind I do not intend to imply that she is critical of them as a class. Their futility is not consciously her subject. She is concerned with the idiosyncrasies, vanities, and tastes of individuals, not of a crumbling stratum of society. For this reason, and because at bottom she tells us little that is amusing or enlivening, her book is inconsequential. It possesses a certain "manner" which, when encountered in the original French, lends a vague *agrément* to the flimsy materials with which the lady's mind seems to be adorned; but even this manner becomes a meaningless hodge podge at the hands of a positively destructive translator. Apart from a generous affection for her step-

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mother, a Rothschild, no one she has ever known seems to excite in her any emotion beyond a faintly veiled malice. The reader will look in vain for a single adult reflection. Nor can Madame de Gramont be called a brilliant, keenly analytical chronicler of the social scene. We have heard before all she has to tell us about Anatole France and Madame Arman de Caillavet. Only one of her specimens of Madame Straus-Bizet's wit is worth recording, and that is badly muffed by the translator. Her account of Napoleon III's Austro-Italian policy, designed to serve as backdrop to the portrait of an ancestor, could well have been half as long and twice as interesting. Her family portraits are pale, and her desultory reminiscences of the Sainte-Clotilde quarter, foreign travel, the stage, and London society, are unexciting. A few sketches of Rothschilds are mildly interesting. Here and there an old score seems to be paid off in the "cruel wit" which consists in remembering that Madame Arman was fat, Anna Gould's back was grown with dark hair, Madame Gaston de Caillavet believed everything her husband told her, an Italian relative was made to look Italian by fifty Parisian dressmakers and modistes (individually named, so that one thinks of cold cream advertisements), and so on. The anecdotes of the great are in the main stupid and now and then not particularly "refayned"; a few are amusing, but this is a heavy cake to be baked with so few nuts and raisins. In the original the book possessed some grace; but the translator seems to have taken a Berlitz course in the Gallicization of English by way of training for this job.

We have seen many pasteboard coronets on the stage: Mr. Bromfield's is the first I have ever known a true duchess to wear.

LEWIS GALANTIÈRE.

Trite Thoughts on Marriage

The Intelligent Man's Guide to Marriage and Celibacy, by Juanita Tanner. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 312 pages. $3.50.

FROM one or two reviews I have read I gather that everyone in the literary world is aware of the true identity of Juanita Tanner, who, as the daughter of John Tanner in "Man and Superman," coyly refers to Shaw as "grandfather" throughout this book. I have no idea who the author is, but having struggled painfully through its three hundred large pages, have nothing but admiration for—and admiration for nothing but—his or her wisdom in writing under a pseudonym. For long-drawn-out platitudes, padding, dreariness and complete failure to reach any higher levels of intelligence than those of college debating societies or liberal clubs, this volume is rivaled only by the compendium from which it draws its title.

Here are a few of Miss Tanner's discoveries: "The failure of the thing [marriage] to work out better than it has, proves that in many cases God has nothing to do with it"; "Marriage is bound to affect at least one other person, and it may affect future generations"; "Experiments in living . . . are often mutually exclusive. If, for example, you decide upon the experiment of promiscuous living you must definitely forego the experiment of chastity"; "Sex is fundamentally a physical characteristic." One cannot very well take exception to these remarks; they are as true as it is true that grass is green and the sky is blue, but why write a book about it? Why take several hours of several thousand people's time to tell them there is a difference between marriage and celibacy, that by marrying men cut themselves off from other things, that intelligent people get tired of stupid people, that men have been in business longer than women? Why go through all this elementary exposition unless you are at least going to prove something? Miss Tanner proves nothing. She does not guide anyone anywhere. You can put down her book without knowing whether she advocates marriage, celibacy, Mormonism, sodomy, or a number of other things too alarming to mention. The only definite advice she gives her "intelligent man" is that it is just as important for him to give some thought to his marriage as to how he is going to earn a living. Unquestionably this is a sound bit of advice, but it is also a bit of advice that no intelligent man needs.

Miss Tanner's book is particularly offensive because of the forced stress it lays on "intelligence." Almost every page patronizingly and consciously flatteringly addresses the reader as "you, as an intelligent man, will of course realize," etc. "The Intelligent Man's Guide" is beautifully calculated to stir up a feeling of intellectual worth in subnormal persons by feeding them truths which even they may have dimly suspected; conversationally, indeed chattily, written, it may perform a kind of service in bolstering up the egos of countless commonplace individuals.

GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN.

A Georgian

Collected Poems, 1928, by W. H. Davies. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. 399 pages. $3.

READING through the volumes of "Georgian Poetry," it is already impossible not to wonder how such a race of poets existed, cherishing about themselves the notions they did cherish. The average Georgian (most Georgians were average Georgians) found his ultimate justification in his having given poetry a new vitality: after the alternate aesthetics and prosiness of the two preceeding decades, he believed his verse had at last recaptured the more impressive emotions. In Mr. Davies' words (and with Mr. Davies' italics),

> Some poets *feign* their wounds and scars:
> If they had known real suffering hours,
> They'd show, in place of Fancy's flowers,
> More of Imagination's stars.

This is a perfectly laudable thing to have attempted; the pity is that it was so imperfect a success. For, in spite of its manifesto, Georgian verse has about it an indefinable air of the English undergraduate—the vacation tasks of a very clever Sixth Former, or the *tours de force* of a Double First. It is adolescent experience; much of it might equally well have been written in Latin or in Greek. And this is the more remarkable, when one considers that these Georgians, almost as a body, served through or died in the war.

Mr. Davies is poetically of this extinct generation. Like it he has a great deal to describe (and very little to say) about Nature and Love; and like it—despite the quatrain above—he has a considerable amount of fancy, some powers of description, and almost no imagination. Yet in comparison with his generation he suffers, and for a curiously English reason: he is not a public school man, and he did not go to either university. This statement will appear less extravagant if one considers how great a part of the corpus of Georgian poetry is the product of English class education alone, and how far into all phases of English life Oxford and Cambridge project and pro-

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long their influence. It follows that Mr. Davies' poetry is technically less good, and intellectually less coördinated, than the poetry of most of his contemporaries.

Yet *this differentium wants further defining.* There are good things in his poetry—*e. g.,*

> Sweet Night, that like an angel comes
> To take this bright and happy day

—but they are rare, and spoiled by that sort of enthusiastic violence which Arnold found so frequently the fault of English, as opposed to Continental, letters. Now, if Davies' love poems be compared with his nature poems and with such lines as

> The shot that kills a hare or bird
> Doth pass through me . . .

the result will be a kind of working-drawing of the essential Davies. An extremely sensitive man, whose sensibilities have been damaged by his milieu, and who in consequence seeks coördination now in a childish simpleness, now in an angry revolt which is scarcely less unreasonable. (Such poems as "Confession" and "I am the Poet Davies, William" are very revealing.) It appears to be this lack of coördination which is so fatal to the uniform quality of Mr. Davies' verse. *Clamor vulnera sanguis palam; causa, in occulto.* W. M. Spackman.

Morand and Mauriac

Destinies, by François Mauriac. Translated from the French by Eric Sutton. New York: Covici-Friede. $2.50.

Black Magic, by Paul Morand. Translated from the French by Hamish Miles. Illustrated by Aaron Douglas. New York: The Viking Press. $3.

On the whole, "Destinies" is one of those neat, intelligent novels which the middle generation of French writers is now turning out with such classic precision. It has an explicit philosophic thesis ("The contacts of life are ineffaceable, and no destiny has ever crossed our own and left no mark") which, rendered in any other than the French tongue, would be laughed away as a platitude; for its theme it offers a clear, dramatic human relationship with just that essential coloration of the perverse which has made popular novelists of Mauriac and Julien Green; and the development of this theme is at all times sober, conscientious and humorless.

If "Destinies" impresses one as inferior to Mauriac's previous novels (particularly to "Genitrix"), it is probably by reason of its central character. There is one quality Mauriac totally lacks—and that is charm. Yet his young Bob Lagave is supposed to exert a certain effortless and fatal attraction on all with whom he comes in contact; and the problem of modifying his cold style to the end of making Bob convincingly attractive has been too much for the author. In this dilemma (and guided by the naturally abstract turn of his talent) Mauriac takes refuge in what one may call capital letter characterization: Bob becomes Youth and his charm merely the fascination of what is at once Beautiful and Evanescent. This formula once clearly established in the reader's mind, it is supposed to account for the major lines of the story's movement; and especially for the half-unconscious, desperate love of the middle-aged Elisabeth Garnac for the boy. The motivations throughout are of this type: resembling skeletons in their absolute clarity as in their lack of fleshly development.

The tracing of Indian-summer passion in the breast of the unemotional Elisabeth Garnac is the best thing in the book. It is careful and honest, yet deepened by personal feeling. Mauriac is a medieval moralist concerned with the battle between the flesh and the devil. Elisabeth Garnac's last sexual flare-up is, therefore, not viewed behavioristically, as a phenemenon; but morally, almost religiously, as an awful struggle between the hosts of good and evil. One must be a Catholic of Mauriac's very peculiar persuasion to be greatly moved by this point of view; at worst, however, it prevents "Destinies" from being simply another neat but undistinguished French novel.

Mauriac has not been one-half as overrated in France as his fellow-novelist, Paul Morand, is in our own country, mainly by those Baudelairian *petits maîtres* who are still mumbling to themselves the last enchantments of the saffron decade. Morand wrote two good books; since "Closed All Night" his production has steadily cheapened; but the chorus of his admirers has not a whit abated. For his latest volume, "Black Magic," there is only one word: vulgar. From the punning title to the monotonously melodramatic "modern" wash illustrations by Aaron Douglas, it is a completely vulgar and catchpenny performance.

The stories in "Black Magic" deal, for the most part, with the so-called phenomenon of reversion to the primitive. The modern Negro is conceived in garish terms: a trousered savage who needs merely the dull beat of the tom-tom to be aroused to ecstasies of dark lust, superstition and sexual jubilee. It is needless to remark that the entire conception is silly; and that it would be just as reasonable to write a book of tales about a group of modern American Jews who suddenly revert to the type of mystic and orgiastic chassidism portrayed in "The Dybbuk."

That Morand knows nothing about the American Negro is evidenced by his cheap desire to show his cosmopolitan familiarity with all phases of modern Negro life. His attitude is that of the sophisticated tourist, looking for a new shiver, and only too willing to swallow the most incredible nonsense, provided that he can get material for a "story" out of it. That Morand has learned nothing from whatever association he has had with intelligent and cultivated Negroes is beyond question; but one begins to doubt whether he has even talked with his own elevator boy.

This inexcusable book is a good instance of what might be called the new Negro vaudevillism. The old-time Sambo-and-Rastus myth was invented by white showmen to flatter white audiences and make them laugh; the new "savage-beneath-the-skin" myth is being created in much the same way, to make them shiver. The difference is that one piece of nonsense was frankly vaudeville, while the other is presented as a serious interpretation.

Clifton P. Fadiman.

Music and Literature

Collected Essays, by W. H. Hadow. New York: Oxford University Press. 334 pages. $6.

There can be nothing but good said about these essays. Their range and erudition are backed up by keen thought and a sudden vividness of phrasing, and they are informed at all times by a quick sympathy with the very stuff of poetry and music. There are not many people like this extraordinary Vice-Chancellor of Sheffield University, whose knowledge and amazing memory are never allowed to obscure the clear issue of his argument, and whose varied interests simultaneously in education,

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the Greek classics, music and literature do not prevent him from being an acknowledged authority in each. His essay on Iago is as good as those on Haydn and Beethoven. The sociological essays on "The Place of Music in Life" and on "The Place of Music in Humane Letters" are as convincing as the essay on "The Use of Comic Episodes in Tragedy." And his position as an expert in both music and literature makes the essays on "Music and Drama" and on "A Comparison of Poetry and Music" of exceptional importance.

But perhaps the most remarkable things are the three essays on tendencies in modern music, written successively in 1906, 1915, and (presumably) 1928. In 1906, Debussy was still something of a problem to most people. But Mr. Hadow, even at that time, had gone a long way towards solving it. And his description of Strauss' symphonic poems—"as ostentatious as Trimalchio's banquet"—shows that one man, at least, had got the measure of Strauss more than twenty years ago. In 1915, he says of Schönberg's piano pieces, Opus 11 and 19, that they "start on a different hypothesis from music, like Lobachevski's geometry, which started on the supposition that the triangle contained less than two right angles." Nothing more just and striking has been said about Schönberg since. Today, meeting the "serried ranks [of modern composers] advancing, bent, as a rule, on some plan for the annoyance of the aged," he is still as quick and ready.

And if "we have excellent qualities at the present day, [but] are losing our sense of scholarship," Mr. Hadow's own essays give us a keen sense of what exactly we are losing; and if the function of the critic is to act as "liaison officer between genius and environment," Mr. Hadow shows himself to be one of the best we know. And if the hostility of the artist to the educator and of the poet to the philosopher is mostly half humorous ("remove the pedant from behind one of them and the mountebank from behind the other—the true men will join hands readily enough"), there is no poet or composer of any weight who will refuse him a very hearty handshake.

JEFFREY MARK.

Nipponese Interludes

Paper Houses, by William Plomer. New York: Coward-McCann. $2.50.

THIS extremely interesting and readable book on Japan contains six stories, a brief diary, a fantasy and twelve pages of prefatory notes. In the last, which come first, Mr. Plomer says:

> In spite of these moralizings, it is not the purpose of this book to preach. I hold no briefs. I have no axe to grind. In these houses I have wished to crystallize a tear or two; to fill a few fragile balloons with human breath, warm and animal; to keep a little longer some fading bloodstain by covering it with a piece of glass.

The author further says it is his purpose to steer an even course between the "romantic" and "realistic." All this is strictly true of the six stories. In short, simple, unforced sentences a new nation outlines itself in the reader's mind. Remember that the modern Japanese Empire sprang full-armed from the limbo of a dark, dormant past of many centuries through the efforts of a single generation. Are the modern Japanese a menace? In his preface Mr. Plomer says:

> I admit that I am an admirer of the Japanese, for I can respect and love individuals. But I disbelieve in their enslavement of women, and I detest their tendency to nationalistic paranoia and their particular politico-religious superstitions, which I believe to be more insidious and locally almighty than those of nearly all other countries, Russia and Italy included, and which, if persisted in, will have terrible results. Some predict a revolution; some hope for one.

In the six stories, examples are given to show what sort of lives make up this civilization. They are vivid and deft, quiet and surprising. You watch these naked men and women take their steaming baths together; you meet and understand their intense politeness, their worship for caste and obedience to their parents, and their national custom of apologizing by committing suicide.

In the eight-page diary, some brilliant thumb-nail sketches of scenery are rather spoiled by Mr. Plomer's emphasis on the first person singular. After making biting but well deserved fun of an Anglicized Japanese, the author says: "I didn't tell him he was a bloody fool, so I won't say so here." Since he has already painted the victim's conversation and characteristics, this last thrust seems unnecessary. The fantasy is a full-fledged satire. It is marred, among other things, by the author's still further inflated ego and by his use of vulgarity for the sake of being vulgar. But the six stories and the preface show none of these faults. They might have been written by a different man. They are splendid.

C. A. CHAPMAN.

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a TRIBUTE by JOHN DEWEY

"BEFORE a work of art," writes PROFESSOR JOHN DEWEY of *Columbia University*, "one is likely to be dumb or to indulge only in ejaculations; and when asked why one likes it, to reply, 'Go and see for yourself.' That is the way I feel about this genial and witty book, *The Art of Thinking*. I would say to the reader: 'Taste it, try it for yourself. Keep it close at hand, and read a page or two, a paragraph, opening at random. Browse about in it; read it consecutively. Keep it on a bedside table, and read it to compose your mind at night and to arouse it in the morning.'

"And in answer to the question 'Why?' the best reply I can make is still 'Try it and see'. For the book is compact with the wisdom gathered in years of observation of himself and others. . . If there are those fortunate enough not to need any of the counsels that the author gives, I still urge them to read the book if only to make the acquaintance of an experienced and deeply wise personality." (*Signed*) Professor JOHN DEWEY in *Saturday Review of Literature*.

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